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EDITORIAL:

The English War-Scare..... 573
The Korean War..... 573
The Czar's Health..... 573
Mr. Gladstone and Temperance.. 574
New York City Politics..... 574
New York's Constitutional Amendments..... 575
The Georgia Election..... 576
Oliver Wendell Holmes..... 578
Sham Loyalty..... 579
The Bible as Literature..... 580
Another Contrast..... 580
The Minor Threads (Home)..... 588

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Bible as Literature..... 581
By Richard G. Moulton
Millerites and Ascension Robes.. 582
By Jane Marsh Parker
The Courting of Sister Wisby.... 583
By Sarah Orne Jewett (Selected)
The Civic Club of Philadelphia .. 588
By Mary E. Mumford
The Cellar..... 589
By Margaret S. Briscoe
Scientific Child Study..... 590
James Barkerding, Knight..... 591
By Kate D. Sweetser
Their Nutting Party..... 592
By Kate A. Peters

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:

The Life of Christ—XVII..... 593
By Lyman Abbott
Death of Prof. David Swing..... 594
Union Seminary..... 594
Methodism in New York..... 594
Conscience in Chicago..... 595
Père Hyacinthe..... 595

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

A Historical Reference-Book..... 596
Mr. Lang on Ghosts, etc., etc.... 596

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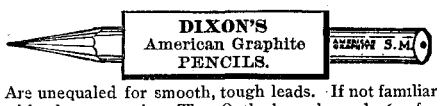

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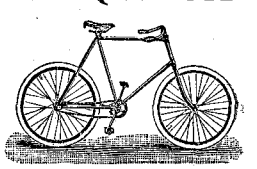

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Volume 50 For Week ending 13 October, 1894 Number 15

AS a rule, Paris is much more excitable than London, but last Wednesday the English capital was the victim of a pronounced war scare, due to the fact that the Ministers were called together from their various places of vacation on very short notice. The rumor went abroad at once that relations between France and England had become critical, and the prices in the stock exchange fell in quick response to this report.. As a matter of fact, the Cabinet met on that day and spent nearly three hours in discussion, chiefly, it is officially declared, touching the safety of British subjects at the Chinese treaty ports, but partly, it is believed, touching the English relations to France in Madagascar. France and England have various disputes in Africa, in Egypt, on the coast of Newfoundland, and in the farther East—disputes amounting to more than a dozen, according to newspaper count; but none of these disputes, it is believed, is likely to become serious. Several of the members of the French Ministry are strongly anti-English in feeling, but so great is the aversion to anything like international complications that it is doubtful whether the hotheads in either country could bring about an actual rupture of relations. Some of the questions at issue between the two Governments are vexatious, but none of them is of such a character as to preclude a peaceful settlement. It is probable that the official explanation of the assembling of the Cabinet in vacation was the true one, since it is now announced that England, France, Russia, and Germany have agreed to co-operate in guarding the Chinese treaty ports and in protecting the missionaries, disavowing, at the same time, any attempt to interfere between the belligerents in the Korean war. The danger of violence to foreigners is always imminent in many parts of China, and the Government is often unable to grant protection against mob violence. The Great Powers have therefore taken a necessary precaution in co-operating for the protection of foreign residents, of commercial interests, and of missionary enterprises.

❀

Flushed with a greater victory than those over the Chinese—namely, that over Great Britain in the new treaty—the Japanese seem disposed to be more aggressive in arms than ever, if we may trust the rumors of the First Army's arrival near Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, and of the Second Army's arrival on the coast of the Gulf of Pechili. Coming events would seem to cast long shadows before, for Field-Marshal Yamagata has already informed the diplomatists at Seoul that the Japanese will not be allowed to plunder Pekin in the event of their capturing that city. The Chinese are reported to have fled from Mukden with all the treasure possible, and the Manchurian forces are now taking their stand at various points on the way to Pekin. The Chinese Government has had the assurance to issue a note to representatives of the Powers respecting its intention to limit the rights of neutrals as far as navigation in Korean waters is concerned, but the representatives have properly declined to acquiesce in any such arrangement, and, as the Chinese navy is now permanently disabled, the foreign Ministers are masters of the situation. With the approval of their home governments, they have been taking measures to protect foreigners, and have especially warned missionaries in the interior to withdraw to the protected coast districts. The replies already received indicate that the missionaries are determined not to desert their posts. Where the Chinese have feared an immediate invasion, as at Niuchang and Mukden, the churches and houses of native converts have been burned. At Tientsin also there has been much anti-Christian feeling, while at Pekin the state of affairs has become so chaotic that our Minister, Mr. Denby, has warned the American residents that the city is certain to be attacked, and that all women and children should be sent at once to places of safety. The dismissal of unsatisfactory officers, ministers, soldiers, and servants from the imperial *entourage* has been on the wholesale plan, and the succession of others no less summary. The most important of these changes has been the restoration of the wily Prince Kung, the Emperor's uncle, to favor. In this, however, Kuang Hsü seems to have overreached himself, as a conspiracy has already sprung up to dethrone him and to put Prince Kung's son on the throne. A far more important report, however, now arrives—that the greatest statesman of China, Li Hung Chang, has been superseded in the supreme command by General Sang Tsing, of the province of Hunan. So impressed have the Pekin authorities become with Japanese successes that immense districts at the mouths of the Peiho and adjacent rivers have been flooded. There are other landing-places, however, for the Second Army than those nearest Pekin; while for the First, the Japanese are aware that the five-hundred-mile road between Mukden and Pekin is the best highway in North China.

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Europe has been a good deal disturbed for the last two weeks by the confused and mystifying reports of the illness of the Czar. It has been very plainly intimated in some quarters that that illness was of a very serious character, and the latest reports represent the Czar as in a very critical condition. The European situation is such that very much depends on the personality of the men at the head of the different States. Peace has been preserved for the last decade largely because the rulers of France, Germany, Austria, and Russia were sincerely desirous of maintaining it. President Carnot was thoroughly pacific in his temper; the Emperor William, although rash, impulsive, and aggressive in his tone, has given every evidence of the sincerity of his desire for peace; while the Czar, who has had more to do with the matter than anybody else, has again and again refused to be swept away by the passions of those about him. His

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health is, therefore, a matter of the first importance. The Russian Minister of Finance has been making a number of significant statements of late regarding the attitude of Russia toward the rest of Europe, statements which are undoubtedly inspired by the Czar, and which may be taken in good faith. The Russian Minister declares that Russia would not go to war even if France should initiate a struggle; he says that the Czar is unconditionally for peace; he denies that Russia has any ambition for sovereignty in Bulgaria, or that the French ovation to the officers of the Russian fleet last year meant anything more than an expression of popular sympathy. The Russian wars in Turkey, he says, have been inspired by the desire to open the Dardanelles to all nations and to keep it open forever. It is quite true that some of these statements do not harmonize with Russian intrigues or with Russian actions, but it must be remembered that a great deal goes on under the Russian Government of which the Czar is not publicly cognizant. It is certain that everything that is known about the Czar is in harmony with the declarations of his Minister of Finance.

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According to the text of Mr. Gladstone's letter, of which we have already spoken, it appears that Governor Tillman will now be able to include that statesman, as well as the Bishop of Chester, the Duke of Westminster, and Mr. Chamberlain, among the English public men who take his view as to the regulation of the liquor trade. When the conflict over the Dispensary Law was at its height, in April last, the Bishop of Chester wrote Governor Tillman expressing his sympathy with him in the stand he had taken on the liquor question, and also expressing a wish that a detailed and reliable statement of the working of the South Carolina law might be published in England. The Bishop was then promoting in the House of Lords a measure for the municipalization of the liquor trade in England. Nothing came of the bill, but the Bishop is still leading an agitation in England in behalf of his scheme, and at Aberdeen a few days ago he announced that Mr. Gladstone had come round to his view upon the question, and, in a letter addressed to Lord Thring, had given it as his opinion that "the principle of selling liquors for the public profit only offers the sole chance of escape from the present miserable and almost contemptible predicament, which is a disgrace to the country." Temperance reformers of the school to which Sir Wilfrid Lawson belongs are somewhat disturbed at Mr. Gladstone's letter. They have been working for years past for local option, and, according to Sir Wilfrid Lawson's reply to Mr. Gladstone's letter, they hold that if the liquor traffic were to be nationalized or municipalized to-morrow it would not weaken by one jot the necessity and urgency of their demand for a popular veto on the liquor traffic as substantially embodied in Sir William Harcourt's bill of last session.

❀

The trouble is that local option in England now seems as far off as ever, notwithstanding all Sir Wilfrid Lawson's work and the fact that last session, for the first time, a local option bill was introduced into the House of Commons. There has been a temperance party in the House of Commons since the sixties, but, excepting Sunday-closing bills for Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, nothing has been achieved. Temperance sentiment in England, it is true, has had an excellent and permanent effect on the police and magisterial administration of the licensing laws—so much so that the granting by the magistrates of a new public-house license has of late years become a rarity. Otherwise the English licensing laws are just where they were twenty-five years ago, and in this period an immense change for the worse has been coming over English public-houses. This change is owing to the fact that brewing and distilling are now industries in which capital to a colossal amount is engaged, and as a consequence few of the English publicans are now their own masters, but are rigidly tied to some great brewing undertaking whose concern is solely as to the quantity of liquor consumed. Most of the English public-houses have practically abandoned innkeeping and come down to the level of utility of the American saloon. That the laws regulating them are utterly inadequate to the altered condition of thing is admitted. The problem is how to remedy them, and the difficulty has increased with delay. In fact, this difficulty has brought about the deadlock which Mr. Gladstone has described as "a miserable and almost contemptible predicament" and a "disgrace to the country."

❀

The Committee of Seventy in New York City, the German-American Union, and the State (anti-Tammany) Democracy united in nominating for Mayor Mr. John W. Goff, the man whose ability and energy as attorney for the Lexow Committee have changed from moral certainty into legal certainty Dr. Parkhurst's indictment of municipal corruption. To the great mass of citizens Mr. Goff's politics were unknown, and his nomination was instinctively welcomed by non-partisan reformers, as the best possible promise that the campaign against city misgovernment would be carried through to the end. When, however, it was learned that Mr. Goff was a Democrat, even on the Committee of Seventy many Republicans urged the nomination of a candidate of their own party, and the managers of the Republican organization absolutely refused to accept Mr. Goff. The Committee thereupon made the best of the situation by nominating Mr. William L. Strong, a Republican, for Mayor, Mr. Goff for Recorder, and four anti-Tammany Democrats for the remainder of the ticket. As Mr. Strong's ability and character are unquestioned, the election of such a ticket would be a great municipal gain; but the State Democracy refused to accept Mr. Strong, and the Republican organization has refused to accept any of the nominees except Mr. Strong and Mr. Goff. Another conference is to be held, but the probabilities now are that in the approaching election the anti-Tammany forces will again be divided. Nevertheless, the attempt to organize a non-partisan reform movement has not been fruitless. Good work never is. Not only has public sentiment in favor of the divorcing of municipal from National politics been greatly strengthened, but for the first time a municipal programme was agreed upon which appeals to the reform sentiment among all classes and conditions of men. Three of the planks demand especial attention as indicating a new sense of municipal duties:

> "We demand that the quality of the public schools be improved, their capacity enlarged, and proper playgrounds provided.
>
> "We insist that the property already acquired by the city under the Small Park Act shall be promptly devoted to the purposes of this acquisition.
>
> "We favor the establishment, at appropriate places throughout the city, of adequate public baths and lavatories, for the promotion of cleanliness and increased public comfort."

Here we have a social reform programme of the first importance to the intelligence, the health, and the comfort of the public. The demand for playgrounds about the city schools is one that every parent ought to take up and keep up until it is granted. The condition of most of the public

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schools in this city—so accurately described by Mr. Jacob A. Riis in the September "Century"—is disgraceful to the city's civilization. The expenditure authorized by the Small Park Act of 1887 would provide a playground for every one of the schools, while a small park for each of them could be provided with one-tenth of the sum now invested in the great parks which are inaccessible to the masses of the people. To make school life healthful and attractive, and to give to the poorer wards a share in the park privileges proportioned to their taxes if not to their population, is one of the first of public duties, though in New York one of the last to be recognized.

❀

Among the object-lessons brought before the Lexow Investigating Committee last week were these: A roomful of ruffianly-looking police officers, against all of whom charges of brutally clubbing and insulting citizens had been brought, and who had escaped with no punishment or with slight fines; a weeping woman imploring the Committee to save her husband from the violence on the part of the police which she feared her testimony would bring upon him; another weeping woman begging that her children might be restored to her, and affirming that they had been taken from her as a result of her persecution by the police for refusal to pay blackmail; a revolting "exhibit" in the form of a newly clubbed citizen who had dared to "answer back" to an officer who had causelessly interfered with him; and, finally, an officer, just off the stand, who first dared to threaten to kill another witness in the very presence of the Committee, then perjured himself against the testimony of four reputable men who had witnessed the incident, and finally broke down and wept in despair at his disgrace. Less sensational than these things, but absolutely crushing in its conclusiveness as to the conduct of the Board of Police Commissioners, was the evidence that, after two police captains had been tried on serious charges before the Commissioners, and had escaped only by a tie vote (two for conviction to two for acquittal), the Board had promptly proceeded to *promote* them, one of the two Commissioners who had voted guilty on the trials voting in each case in favor of promotion! The abolishing of the Board of Commissioners and the substitution of one responsible head is the reform which may be hoped for as the result of this investigation. What a splendid anti-Tammany campaign document the testimony before the Committee would make if printed in pamphlet form!

❀

This fall the people of New York State, and still more of New York City, are to make trial of the referendum on a scale quite extensive. To the people of the State the committees of both parties in the Constitutional Convention have issued addresses upon the changes recommended by that body. The revision is to be submitted in three parts: first, the amendment changing and fixing the apportionment of Senators and Assemblymen; second, the amendment permitting the State indebtedness to be increased for the improvement of the canals; and, third, the remaining twenty-nine amendments indorsed by the Convention. The apportionment amendment is warmly commended by the Republican Committee, and more warmly condemned by the Democratic. The Republican Committee defends at length the restrictions placed on the representation of the large cities. The first of these is, that no county having three or more Senators shall have its representation increased, unless each new district within it shall have fully as many people as the average senatorial district. The smaller counties, on the other hand, may have a Senator whenever their population exceeds one-half the average district, and an additional Senator when it exceeds the average district by more than one-half. The second restriction upon the representation of the cities is that neither New York nor Brooklyn shall ever have more than one-third of the Legislature, and the two combined never more than one-half. The best argument urged by the Republicans in favor of these restrictions is the danger of the great cities dominating the rest of the State. The best argument urged by the Democrats against them is that people in the cities have the same rights to representatives as people in the country, and that the Convention cut down their representation for partisan purposes. Under the present apportionment, the Democrats declare, the Republicans can get a majority in the Legislature whenever they have a majority in the State, while under the proposed apportionment the Republicans could retain control of the Legislature if the Democrats carried the State by 75,000 majority.

❀

This is the only question upon which the two Committee reports radically differ. Both seem to indorse, though mildly, the canal amendment. This is conservatively drawn, and permits no bonds to be issued for the improvement of the canals unless a majority of the voters of the State sanction the issue. The twenty-nine amendments that must be voted upon collectively are heartily indorsed by the Republicans, and criticised, though not condemned, by the Democrats. The principal are those providing for:

1. The holding of municipal elections in large cities in odd years, while State and National elections are held in even years. To this end the Governor's term is reduced from three years to two.
2. The prohibition of riders on appropriation bills and of the issue of passes to public officers.
3. The prohibition of public gambling in any form.
4. The permitting of juries to fix damages in case of death as well as accident. This removes the present $5,000 limitation.
5. The requirement of ninety days' citizenship, instead of ten, as a prerequisite to voting.
6. The prohibition of the employment of prison labor except on public work.
7. The prohibition of appropriations of public money to sectarian schools.
8. The requirement that city officers be notified before legislation affecting their cities takes effect.
9. The simplification of the judiciary system.

The Democrats criticise this programme negatively rather than positively. They point out that the Convention ignored the demands of labor that employees on railroads should have the same rights to damages as non-employees, and that the conspiracy laws should be amended so as to permit all peaceable combinations to raise wages. They further declare that the Convention made only a contemptible concession to the demand for home rule (that in clause 8 above). These criticisms may all be just. Nevertheless, no sensible citizen will refuse to vote for good changes because there are not more of them, provided the changes made do not stand in the way of those desired. The changes made in these twenty-nine articles are good, and do not stand in the way of any further improvements.

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In New York City the additional questions referred to the voters are the lending of the city's credit to the extent of $50,000,000 for the construction of a rapid-transit system, and the proposed consolidation of New York and Brooklyn. Upon this second question the citizens of Brooklyn also will vote, and their votes without doubt will generally be in the affirmative, as complete consolidation would bring them a considerably lowered tax-rate. The effect of consolidation upon the New York tax-rate would

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be comparatively small, as New York's property is vastly greater than Brooklyn's, and the transfer of burdens that mean so much to each taxpayer in the smaller city means little to each taxpayer in the larger. New Yorkers are, therefore, likely to be governed largely by considerations of sentiment. There is no clearly defined economic or political principle to guide them in the matter, unless it be that sooner or later consolidation will be essential to unity in the execution of public works needed by both cities. Along with such a centralization of political power, however, a good deal of decentralization will be needed if the advantages of local self-government are to be secured. On the question of lending New York City's credit for the construction of a rapid-transit system, our opinion is more clearly defined, and has frequently been expressed. We recognize the danger that the proposed system may cost more than $50,000,000, and that the thirty-five years' partnership between the city and the construction company may result as such partnerships between public and private corporations so frequently have. Nevertheless, these evils are not to be avoided by a return to the old system of purely private construction. Whatever the system costs, the New York public must pay the interest, and it is better for it to pay directly three per cent. on the city's bonds than to pay indirectly six per cent. on the capitalization of a private corporation. The partnership of the public in the cost of the enterprise is not to be avoided by denying the public a partner's rights in the management. If the city, by lending its credit for thirty-five years to a strictly supervised private corporation, can secure such yearly payments as will pay the interest on the bonds and gradually extinguish the principal, the gain to succeeding generations will be enormous. The constitutional questions involved may be left to the courts. The voters cannot decide them, and should not attempt it.

❀

Since the beginning of July, Secretary Carlisle has been coining silver dollars at the rate of several hundred thousand a month. The Sherman Act, it will be recalled, directed the coinage of 2,000,000 ounces a month during the first year of its operation, and authorized the Secretary of the Treasury thereafter to coin as much as might be "necessary" for the redemption of the notes issued in payment for the bullion. During President Harrison's Administration $28,000,000 were coined, and this sum remained untouched in the Treasury, as the policy was adopted of redeeming the Sherman Act notes in gold at the option of the holder. During the last year, however, as Secretary Carlisle has written to Congressman Heard, of Missouri, about $4,000,000 of Sherman Act notes have been presented for redemption in silver—the holders preferring that metal. Since July—or, as some would put it, since the beginning of the campaign—Secretary Carlisle, instead of using the $28,000,000 he had in the Treasury, has judged it "necessary" to coin new bullion to redeem the notes presented. During July he coined 430,000 silver dollars; during August, 728,000. "The process," Secretary Carlisle writes, "is still going on daily." For every dollar coined, about thirty cents is paid into the Treasury as profit or seigniorage as fast as the silver coin is issued. The Sherman Act notes redeemed are retired and canceled. The Secretary concludes his letter to the Missouri Congressman with the boast that, "Prior to my connection with the department, no silver had been paid out for the redemption of such notes, and none of such notes had been retired or canceled." The effect of such coinage upon the currency is, of course, not worth considering, as Sherman Act notes are retired as fast as silver dollars are issued. It is, however, worth noting, as throwing light upon the consistency of Secretary Carlisle, and indicating his view as to the exigencies of the political situation.

❀

The result of the election in Georgia is a matter of universal surprise. The Democratic majority of 70,000 two years ago was reduced to 15,000 according to Democratic admission, and was totally obliterated according to Populist assertion. As the Democratic State Committee had refused the request of the Populists for representation on the Boards of Election Managers, the Populist claim of fraud will be widely believed. In four of the Congressional districts the Populist candidate had a majority, so that it is now possible that in November the solidity of the Solid South may be seriously broken by the new party. The chief cause of the overturn was the financial policy of the Democratic Administration. The phenomenally low price of cotton was attributed by the farmers to the suspension of silver coinage. This, in brief, was the cause of Democratic weakness, but the cause of Populist strength lay largely in the character of the Populist leaders, ex-Congressman Watson and Judge Hines. Both had been Democratic leaders; both were Populists of the more conservative stamp, and each was a leader in one of the great religious bodies with which nearly all Georgians are connected. This last fact was not the least in importance. Congressman Watson's campaign had the character of a religious quite as much as a political struggle. As one of his Democratic critics has said in a letter to the New York "Sun," his appeals to the religious emotions of his audiences "captured four-fifths of the blacks in the State. They look upon him as a savior sent to lead them out of the wilderness of poverty and into the land of plenty. In the district where he is a candidate for Congress they pray for him in their churches, shout his name, and sing his praises. He has aroused the negro to a pitch of religious political enthusiasm where argument cannot touch and from which money cannot budge him." Those who know Congressman Watson know that the reason that his religious appeals have such a transforming effect upon his audiences is because they have had the same effect upon himself. In still another Congressional district the Populist candidate for Congress is a minister, whose influence over his hearers is similar in kind to that of Mr. Watson, and hardly less in degree. The half-religious character of the Populist agitation, so strikingly depicted by one of our Southern subscribers several months ago, is perhaps its most significant phase.

❀

States in which the rank and file of the voters attend the primaries and really choose their representatives are almost peculiar to the South. In the recent Breckinridge contest as many voters attended the primaries as ever supported the Democratic candidate in a general election. In how many Northern States could a candidate have been defeated for nomination when the politicians were in his favor, as they were in favor of Colonel Breckinridge? Yet in the South there was nothing marvelous in the vote polled in the primaries of the Ashland District. Perhaps it is due to the agricultural pursuits of the mass of the voters, perhaps it is due to the fact that nearly all the white voters are Americans and children of Americans, but certain it is that the South is not the region of machine domination. What is more, it is becoming less so. The State Democratic Convention in South Carolina lately took a step which placed all nominations under the control of the voters, as distinguished from the political managers.

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Provision was made that hereafter, for the purpose of nominating State officers, United States Senator, Congressmen, and county officers, direct primaries shall be held in August and September of each election year, at which the names of all candidates shall be submitted to all the Democratic voters of the State or district. Under this system the politicians have no control over nominations, except that to which their personal influence entitles them. Election under this system means the choice of the people, while under the system in vogue in most of our Northern cities it means the choice of the caucus. The establishment of these "direct primaries" redeems one of the pledges made by the Reform party in South Carolina; and by this, quite as much as by the dispensary system, the party earns the right to its name.

❀

In South Carolina the Dispensary Law of 1893 has been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court. The decision, like that against the Act of 1892, is a purely partisan one, and the change is due to the change in the political complexion of the Court. Governor Tillman is now authorized to renew his war upon the illegal dramshops, and this war is practically certain to be kept up by his successor, as the Democratic candidate for Governor was the author of the law.——In the Florida election the old Louisiana Lottery again made itself felt. The Florida correspondent of the Atlanta "Constitution" says that the Lottery Company was charged with supporting the railroad faction in the contest over which the Democracy was divided, but that the truth of this charge is less obvious than its work to secure a Legislature friendly to its interests.

❀

According to the Montana newspapers, a "life or death struggle" is going on in that State. The threatened tragedy, however, is so distinctly of the *opéra bouffe* variety that it is difficult for an ultra-Montanian not to regard it as the climax of a comedy. The issue is the proposed removal of the State capital from Helena to Anaconda. The name of the proposed site is most beautifully in keeping with its ambitions, if not with its capacity. Anaconda is a town of four thousand people, is located in the extreme southwestern part of the State, and is reached by a single branch railroad. It is but one-third the size of Helena, is twice as far from the center of the State, and four times as inaccessible. It gets its name, of course, from the Anaconda Mining Company, and it is really the Anaconda Company which is planning to engulf the State capital. It has already completely engulfed the town. According to the Montana papers which oppose the removal of the capital, Anaconda is as completely controlled by Marcus Daly, the millionaire head of the Anaconda Company, as Pullman is controlled by the head of the Pullman Company. Mr. Thomas H. Carter, the Chairman of the National Republican Campaign Committee, declares that if the administrative offices, the legislature, and the courts are removed to the town which Mr. Daly owns, the State becomes his pocket borough. He appeals to the men of the State to engage in the campaign against the Anaconda Company as a struggle for independence. He appeals to the women of the State to engage in the campaign as a fight for morality, and by their indignant sentiment make it impossible for a husband to "come home on election night and say he sold his vote for $20." The papers of the State discuss hardly any other issue. A copy of the Butte "Miner" is before us, with four successive editorials on the State capital issue, besides two out of three editorial paragraphs, and every one of six quotations from the State press. The Helena dailies and the Anaconda daily seem positively monomaniac. The Anaconda paper devotes itself to ridicule of Helena, criticisms of its aristocracy, denunciations of its pretended friendliness to labor, and most contemptible comments upon the character of its women. It claims victory with apparent confidence, and points with exultation to the enrollment at Butte City of twenty-five hundred voters in an "Anaconda-for-the-Capital Club." The Helena papers denounce the anti-labor record of Marcus Daly, and declare, with apparent truth, that there is no argument in favor of Anaconda except the promise of money for individual voters and the promise of buildings for the State. Altogether, the campaign is unlike anything ever before heard of in American politics, and, morally, it does seem to mean the death of the State if its voters place their capital in the keeping of the Anaconda.

❀

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Chicago, Judge Harlan presiding, has completely overthrown the interpretation of the law under which Judge Jenkins, of the Circuit Court at Milwaukee, enjoined the employees of the Northern Pacific from striking against the reduction of wages ordered by the receivers. In these words the Court states the rights of railway employees:

"The general inhibition upon combinations and conspiracies formed with the object and intent of crippling the property and embarrassing the operation of the railroad must be construed as referring only to acts of violence, intimidation, and wrong. We do not interpret the word as above quoted as embracing the case of employees who, being dissatisfied with the proposed reduction in wages, merely withdraw on that account, singly or by concerted action, from the service of the receivers, using neither force, threats, persecution, or intimidation towards employees who do not join them, nor any device to molest, hinder, alarm, or interfere with others who take, or desire to take, their places."

Railroad unions need no longer fear the arrest of their members so long as they use only peaceful methods in their contests; and the public need no longer fear that District and Circuit judges will foment popular hatred of the law by so misinterpreting it as to deny to railroad laborers the same right to organized, united action as is possessed by railway owners. The decision upholds at all points the positions taken by Judge Caldwell in the Union Pacific case. Henceforth this must be accepted as the law, until it is changed by statute.

❀

The article "What Would You Have Done?" has evoked a number of answers, which we group together on another page. Perhaps it will throw a little light on this question to tell what has been done in two somewhat analogous cases. In Brooklyn a negro of wealth, who is the proprietor of a hotel in Saratoga, and a head waiter at Lakewood, has recently purchased a residence in Fort Greene Place, a comparatively short street of residences of persons of wealth and social culture. The purchase has created, if we may trust the daily papers, a great deal of excitement and some angry protests, being vehemently denounced in certain quarters as an "outrage." If it is an outrage in Brooklyn to permit a negro to own a house adjoining a white man's house, it can hardly be declared to be an outrage in the South not to allow a negro to sit next to a white man at a hotel dinner-table. The proximity in the one case is decidedly closer than in the other. It must be said, however, that there are citizens in Brooklyn who denounce as an outrage the attempt to ostracize a reputable negro simply on account of his color. The other case is in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The social culture and refinement of that city will not suffer by comparison

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with that of Brooklyn, or even Charleston, South Carolina. In Cambridge, a negro woman and her brother are occupying, whether as owners or tenants we are not certain, a house in one of the best sections of the city, and the woman is not only teaching in one of the public schools of the city, and in one situated in perhaps its most aristocratic quarter, but in one attended by the children of many of the professors in the University, and she is the Principal of this school. And neither social earthquake nor cyclone has occurred in Cambridge, and we cannot learn that even the money value of real estate—which in certain quarters appears to be regarded as the supreme and final moral test—has suffered in consequence. What we would have done in the case described by our contributor we do not affirm, for that would be to profess a courage of convictions which is better professed by deeds than by words; but what society ought to do is perfectly clear—namely, to measure every man by his character, and no man by his color. The sale of a house in a reputable quarter of the city to an unconverted gambler, liquor-dealer, or corrupt politician might properly enough be looked upon as an outrage; but not its sale to an honest and reputable negro.

❀

General News.—Ex-Governor Andrew Gregg Curtin, of Pennsylvania, died at Bellefonte on Sunday last, at the age of sixty-nine. Mr. Curtin was the "war Governor" of Pennsylvania, and had been active in the formation of the Republican party; throughout the war he was a vigorous supporter of Mr. Lincoln's policy, and did a great deal to secure the final success of the North. Governor Curtin was Minister to Russia under Grant, but in 1872 joined the Liberal Republican party and supported Horace Greeley for the Presidency. In 1880 he was elected to Congress by the Democrats.——Professor Vincenzo Botta, the scholar and author, died in this city last Saturday from injuries received through a fall from a third-story window on the previous Tuesday. Professor Botta was a man of remarkable personal and intellectual qualities; he had been a professor of philosophy in the University of Turin, but came to New York in 1853 to study our public-school system, and became naturalized here, where he filled for many years a professorship in the University of the City of New York.——The Upper House of the Hungarian Diet has passed the Free Worship Bill.——Sir Joseph Renals has been elected Lord-Mayor of London.——Signor Crispi celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on Thursday of last week.——The World's Fair at Antwerp has just closed.——The marriage of the Czarewitch to Princess Alix of Hesse has been postponed on account of the illness of the Czar.——The Belgian troops in the Congo State are reported to have defeated a force of Arabs, with great loss on the part of the Arabs.——The Dutch have captured Mataram, the capital of Lombok.——Judge Gaynor, of Brooklyn, has declined to stand as candidate for the Court of Appeals on the New York State Democratic ticket.

—A valued contributor to The Outlook has something entertaining and convincing to say in another column about the "Millerite" ascension robes. To those who have no personal associations with the "Millerites," among whom were many beautiful and lovable characters, the robe phase of that extraordinary religious convulsion seems somewhat unimportant. But Miss Wilkins, of whom our contributor complains, had every reason in art and literature, if not in history, for introducing the robe into her story of "A New England Prophet," which, in spite of Mrs. Parker's reasonable criticism, seems to us to be one of the best and strongest stories that Miss Wilkins has yet written.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on the 29th of August. He returned to his home in Boston from Beverly about ten days ago, and, although not in his usual health, was not in a condition to excite any apprehension. A severe attack of asthma, however, speedily reduced him to a condition from which he never rallied, and, on the afternoon of Sunday, surrounded by his children and conscious of their presence, he quietly passed away. Born in the old-fashioned mansion which stood until very lately where the new building of the Harvard Law School now stands, Dr. Holmes had a New England education at the Cambridge Primary School, at a more advanced school at Cambridgeport (where he had for schoolmates Margaret Fuller and Richard H. Dana), at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Harvard University. He was a member of the well-known class of 1829, which included Benjamin Peirce, Benjamin R. Curtis, and James Freeman Clarke. After graduation he studied law in Boston, but soon exchanged that profession for medicine, which he also studied in Boston, and later in Edinburgh and Paris. In 1839 he became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth, and the following year returned to Boston to study medicine, becoming in 1847 Professor of Physiology and Anatomy in the Harvard Medical School. As a physician and as a lecturer and writer on medical topics Dr. Holmes took high rank, and he was already one of the foremost physicians in Boston when he began contributing, in 1857, to the "Atlantic Monthly" the series of papers which bore the title "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." In prose and verse from that time until the day of his death Dr. Holmes was an industrious if not a voluminous writer.

"It was a great happiness," wrote Dr. Holmes years ago, "to have been born in an old house haunted by such recollections, with harmless ghosts walking its corridors, with fields of waving grass and trees and singing birds, and that vast territory of four or five acres around it, to give a child the sense that he was born to a principality." And there was more than house and acres to stimulate the imagination of the sensitive, responsive boy; there were family traditions, a fine moral and intellectual heritage, and there were distinguished and striking figures. This background reappeared in Dr. Holmes's thought and work from time to time, like the mountains which encircled the childhood of Titian and haunted his pictures in all his later life. Born in Cambridge, in the very center of the finest Puritan traditions, Dr. Holmes was the representative not only of what used to be called Old Boston, but of what he himself called the Brahmin caste in New England. He was an aristocrat to the very heart, but it was an aristocracy based on moral cleanness, on intellectual distinction, and on gentle manners. Never was there a kindlier, simpler, more unaffected nature than his; but he loved scholarship, and he believed that the reappearance of a family name generation after generation in the college catalogue meant something.

New England has had no more illustrious and genuine representative than he on the intellectual side; he had its strength, and he had also its limitations. His quickness, keenness, pungency, lucidity, and wit were the characteristic qualities of his ancestry and his section brought to the highest point of development and touched with genius. His mind had a marvelous agility, accuracy, and versatility; it turned, like a gem, many ways, and light flashed from every facet which it presented. He was investigator, physician, novelist, poet, philosopher, critic, lecturer; and whatever he did was done with brilliancy, insight, and

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finish. He did not, like Lowell, voice the intense moral earnestness of New England; nor did he, like Whittier and Emerson, compass its highest reaches of spiritual elevation; but its moral health, its keen, swift movement of mind, and its untiring curiosity and energy were his in high degree. He was much more a man of the world than Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, or Whittier, but it was the best world for which he cared—the world of thought, of wit, of contact with the best in life and art, of the highest breeding and the keenest sense of honor. He loved Boston, and no man ever understood that delightful old city more thoroughly and interpreted its distinctive sentiment with more fidelity and charm. He was a part, and a very large part, of the life which he described with such inimitable skill; and there was no exaggeration in the remark of one of his junior contemporaries, made not long ago, "When Dr. Holmes goes, Old Boston will go with him."

In all literature there has been no keener, cleaner wit than that which the world first adequately recognized when the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" began to appear in the early issues of the "Atlantic Monthly." It was a wit without malice, effort, or artifice; it was in a high degree intellectual—a kind of dry light of the mind—but it had the sparkle and flow of a natural force. It did not sting; it suggested endless possibilities of brightness, vitality, and the laughter which cheers but does not degenerate into idle mirth. There was no husbanding of resources with him; he was prodigal of the very best gifts of his mind. His talk sparkled with wit, and was full of flashes of insight; it was the natural overflow of his nature. He had an inexhaustible fund of vitality which gave his wit a temperamental quality and made it the medium of a wholesome cheerfulness. There was, even in extreme age, a contagious gayety in Dr. Holmes. He not only set his own mind working freely and joyously, but he set other and more sluggish minds at work. No man ever justified more thoroughly that definition of genius which declares that this marvelous gift resides in "the ability to light one's own fires." Dr. Holmes made his own atmosphere; something electrical entered the room with him, and set all wits free. His slight figure, somewhat bent of late years, carried with it an impression of immense buoyancy. There was a tonic quality in his wit which ought not to be overlooked; it was the overflow of a serene and sunny spirit; it was the cheerfulness of a sane mind in an age when so many minds of fine quality are touched by disease. There was a morning freshness and brightness about this poet and wit, who knew life on its darker sides, and who knew also that the evening was not far off, but who carried a cheerful spirit into old age, and bore the infirmities of years with a blithe and beautiful courage.

It is the misfortune of men of Dr. Holmes's versatility that the gift of wit often obscures other and more enduring qualities. Certain it is, whatever be the reason, that the Autocrat is better known than the Poet. It was as a poet, however, that Dr. Holmes wished to live in the memory of his fellows; and there is a quality in his verse which gives assurance that his instinct was sound. The country has produced no truer singer, no poet of more genuine lyrical note. He sang as the birds sing—with an ease, a musical cadence, a freshness of tone, which only the born singers command. The "Chambered Nautilus," the "Last Leaf," and the score of other short poems of his which have gone home to the heart of the country will live by virtue of a certain native simplicity, directness, freshness, and beauty. The lucidity of the wit is in these songs, but there is that deep and tender feeling which Dr. Holmes expressed with telling sincerity.

He was the last of a noble group of poets and prose writers, whose words are a part of the noblest heritage to which this new and struggling world has fallen heir. Like them, he was not only a man of rare gift but of stainless life; one whose career will be traced later without the need of explanation or extenuation. Not many months ago the writer stood with him, at the window of his library overlooking the Charles River, watching the sunset splendor in sky and water. As the old poet spoke of his delight in the scene, the Harvard crew swept past with swift and steady stroke. The contrast between the fragile old man and the splendid vigor of youth which sent the shell throbbing with life through the water was for the moment pathetic; but then came the thought that in that serene and sunny spirit eternal youth was incarnate, and the years were but the shadows of the journey soon to be accomplished.

Sham Loyalty

There is an immense element of sham and pretense in American politics; it taints the party programmes as set forth in National "platforms;" it runs through the windy rhetoric of which many campaign speeches are compounded; and it gives those political editorials in partisan newspapers, often miscalled "leaders," a dreary air of unreality. But in nothing is the element of sham more conspicuous than in the tremendous emphasis laid on regularity of political action by the machine men of all parties. To the public these gentlemen stand in an attitude of constant reverence of regularity and of consistent horror of "bolting." Nothing in the nature of the man of independent convictions shocks them so much as his tendency to "bolt" the regular nomination of his party. The occasional lapse from party loyalty of the independent is a matter of deepest sorrow to these preachers of the gospel of "party right or wrong." Now, as a matter of fact, there is no man who treats his party with greater contempt than the thoroughgoing machine man; he not only "bolts" when he is beaten, but he barters and trades with his opponents, and sells his own party nominees out without scruple. This is seen in every factional fight in either party. With these gentlemen the real point is not loyalty to the party, but loyalty to the machine.

A great deal is always said about the paramount claim of the Tammany Hall organization on the support of the Democratic voter because it represents the "regular" government of the party. As a matter of fact, Tammany Hall is no more Democratic than is the Republican local "machine;" it cares only for itself, and for years has dealt in votes on State and National issues as mere capital in hand for purchasing local support. Mr. Hill's only platform is his famous adoption of the worn-out phrase "I am a Democrat," and he is a conspicuous preacher of the doctrine of regularity, and one who holds the independent voter in abhorrence. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hill is no more a Democrat in the sense of thoroughgoing loyalty to Democratic principles than is any other man who is in politics for what he can get out of politics. Mr. Hill is, in fact, the foremost exponent of political irregularity which our time has afforded; the "bolting" of the independent voter is amateurish compared with his wholesale betrayal of his party. He spent last winter in one long and partially successful endeavor to defeat the Democratic measures before Congress and to humiliate the Democratic Administration. He is not a Democrat; he is for himself first, only, and always. He is a "bolter" whenever it serves his ends; he is a shining example of the man

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who follows his party only when his party follows him. It is high time that this kind of sham practiced by machine men of both parties is thoroughly understood by a public which is often imposed on by loud talk, noisy professions, and a virtue which makes up in clamor what it lacks in sincerity.

The Bible as Literature

Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson have edited an encyclopædia of American literature in ten volumes. It contains representative American thought covering a range of a little less than four centuries—from the first American book published in 1611 to the date of the publication of the encyclopædia in 1887. It includes every form of literature—history, fiction, poetry, philosophy, science, theology. It is a reflection of over three and a half centuries of American intellectual life.

A similar library of Hebrew spiritual life is the Bible. If we suppose, as we have good reason to do, that the Ten Commandments, in substance, though not exactly in their present form, date from the days of Moses, and that the Fourth Gospel was written near the end of the first century, a period of over fifteen centuries elapsed between the earliest and the latest specimens of literature in this unique volume. During these fifteen centuries the people whose thought this Library represents made great progress intellectually and spiritually. Ethical ideals developed from a negative to an affirmative form; from rules of social behavior to laws of a personal and spiritual character; from the principle of justice to the life of love. Intellectual conceptions of God developed from a stage in which the Eternal differed from the gods of the nations about chiefly in being regarded as a moral person, to a stage in which he was regarded as the supreme and only life-giving One, whose nature is love and whose life is love's service and love's sacrifice. This growing conception of God, life, character, is represented in a great variety of literary forms, and by a great variety of writers of different intellectual types. This library of Hebrew literature comprises law, history, poetry, fiction, drama, philosophy. It contains a book of ancient prehistoric legends, several books of ancient laws, several of history, one beautiful idyl, one great epic, a book of sacred lyrics for private and public devotion, a domestic drama, a volume of moral apothegms dissociated from theological theories, several volumes of practical sermons and public addresses on political and social reforms, four unique books of biography, one of church history, a collection of letters unparalleled in literature ancient or modern, and a volume of dream-literature as weird as anything De Quincey ever conceived. But running through them all, with growing clearness, is the message that God is in his world, that he is a righteous Person, that he demands righteousness of his children and demands nothing else, and will help them to righteous lives and characters if they desire his help.

This, briefly stated, is the modern conception of the Bible as Literature. It will be illustrated in The Outlook in a series of papers by well-known authors, American and foreign—some distinguished as Biblical scholars, others as students and teachers of literature. Their methods and points of view will doubtless differ; but this they will have in common, that they will treat this Book as a unique collection of literature—as legend, law, history, fiction, poetry, drama, philosophy.

The fear that this conception of the Bible as literature will lessen reverence for it and weaken its hold upon the consciences and hearts of men is groundless. Its eventual effect will be the reverse. It will deepen reverence and increase affection. It enlarges our conception of inspiration. We see God, not dictating to his amanuenses, but inspiring his affectionate and obedient children; and inspiring each child according to the child's capacity—stirring to higher activity, in one the memory, in another the conscience, in a third the imagination, in a fourth the dramatic perception of life—bringing in turn every faculty to a higher development and a diviner life. It enlarges our conception of truth. We see truth no longer with the literalist as mere conformity to fact. It is conformity to the eternal realities—that is, to God himself. There is no less truth in legend than in history, in drama than in narrative, in feeling than in seeing, in fiction than in fact. It enlarges our conception of the sacred writers, because our conception of man. We see them to be not human phonographs into whom God has spoken a message which they mechanically repeat. We see in them living men, of like passions as we ourselves, with the same hopes and fears, the same capacities and imperfections, the same vision of God, reflected in the same mirror and shrouded in the same mystery. And we see in ourselves the same essential spiritual capacity to discern God in nature, in life, in our own souls. The Twenty-third Psalm is no longer an external thing; it is no longer an experience of a shepherd boy on the hills of Judea so many centuries ago, with no kinship in human experiences before or since. It sings itself in our own hearts. it becomes our own personal experience of a Shepherd God, evoked in us by the very humaneness of the experience in this ancient Hebrew singer. The Book of Job is no longer a mass of contradictory revelations, the meaning of which cannot be disentangled from the hopeless maze; it is a reflection of the doubts and difficulties of a soul whose faith is shaken by the seeming injustice of life; and from it we emerge into the clearer light of the eighth chapter of Romans, by the path which these Hebrew prophets have blazed for us through the dark forest.

Another Contrast

The Ideal: A journal which stands for the nobler things of life; which throws its influence steadily on the side of social purity and moral elevation; which has faith in goodness and zeal in promoting it; which scorns to appeal to passion and prejudice for party ends; which is generous enough to acknowledge a fault or repair an injury, and great enough to learn and to grow; which does not boast of its achievements; which carries the manners of a gentleman into its editorial page; which is high-minded and clean-handed and white-souled, and makes a man—and a woman—better and nobler for reading it.

The Real: A journal which habitually justifies and extols the baser elements of the community; which makes venomous assaults on men who are seeking to rid their city of vice and crime, but has never a word of honest indignation against drunkards, gamblers, blackmailers, and brutes who belong to the "organization" which it defends; which laughs at the efforts of social and political reformers, and furnishes arguments for corrupt bosses and their vicious hirelings; which regards party advantage as more important than honesty, and party spirit as better than the spirit of truth; which ridicules its opponents' physical peculiarities; which never forgives an injury, and is ungenerous even to the dead; which devotes splendid powers and opportunities to the excusing of corruption, the satisfaction of enmity, and the fostering of a cynical and ignoble view of life.

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The Bible as Literature[1]

By Richard G. Moulton
Of the University of Chicago and Cambridge University, England

ONE of our old dramas bears the somewhat remarkable title, "A Woman Killed with Kindness." It would seem as if a similarly constructed title might well describe the Bible in the hands of its English readers; it is a "Literature Smothered by Reverence." Of course, as a source of spiritual life the sacred Word has its full vitality and vitalizing force. But the Bible is something besides this; the very name "Bible" may be translated "Literature," and, considered as literature, it must be confessed that the Bible is exercising little influence upon those to whom it is familiar. Moreover, it would seem that it has been reduced to this state of inanition through an extreme reverence, which, being divorced from intelligence, has proved mischievous. It has been felt that, in the case of so transcendent a message, the very sentences containing it were sacred. But, in thus doing homage to the separate sentences, readers have lost that linking between sentences and sentences which gave to them all their real force; to the devout reader the Bible has become a storehouse of isolated texts, of good words. He scarcely realizes that it exhibits the varieties of literary form familiar to him elsewhere—essays, epigrams, sonnets, stories, sermons, songs, philosophical observations and treatises, histories and legal documents. Even dramas are to be found in the Bible, and also love-songs; nay, so far does dumb show enter into the ministry of Ezekiel that some of his compositions might fairly be described as tableaux-vivants. The distinction between things sacred and things secular, which exercises so questionable an influence upon our times, seems unknown to the world of the Old Testament. Its literature embraces national anthems of Israel in various stages of its history, war ballads with rough refrains, hymns of defeat and victory, or for triumphant entrance into a conquered capital; pilgrim songs, and the chants with which the family parties beguiled the journeys to the great feasts; fanciful acrostics to clothe sacred meditations or composed in compliment to a perfect wife; even the games of riddles which belong to such social meetings as Samson's wedding. With the single exception of humorous literature, for which the Hebrew temperament has little fitness, the Bible presents as varied an intellectual food as can be found in any national literature.

But the anxious inquiry will be made by some: Will not this literary treatment of Holy Writ interfere with its higher religious and theological uses? The question ought to answer itself: if the Divine Revelation, which might have been made in so many different ways, has in fact taken the form of literature, this must be warrant sufficient for making such literary form a matter of study. But this is an understatement of the case; not only is the literary study of the Bible permissible, but it is a necessary adjunct to the proper spiritual interpretation. No doubt edification of a kind may be drawn from an isolated verse or a brief succession of sentences; but it is only when each literary section has been understood as a whole in its plain or natural meaning that it is safe to go forward to the deeper spiritual signification. The neglect of this principle is responsible for many of the fanciful and even grotesque interpretations of the old commentators. To take an example, Solomon's Song contains the following passage:

> By night, on my bed,
> I sought him whom my soul loveth;
> I sought him, but I found him not.

A commentator like Quarles was ready from this single verse to plunge into mystic interpretation. His book of emblems represents a female figure, conventionally signifying the human soul, standing with a flat candlestick in her hand by a bedside; she is turning down the bedclothes, and appears surprised to find nothing inside them; while on the floor, hidden from her but visible to the reader, is the figure of the Saviour, in the attitude of one who has tumbled out of bed. No irreverence, of course, is intended; but such ludicrous literalism would be impossible to any one reading the poem as a piece of literature, who must see that the words quoted are the beginning of an exquisite dream of the heroine losing and again finding her lover. Nor when the dream has been fully caught is there any loss of mystic symbolism. All sections of the poem are a celebration of conjugal love. But the Old and New Testament alike apply the imagery of Bride and Bridegroom to the relations between the soul and Christ, or the Church and its Head, and thus all the thoughts and emotions of the poem can have their spiritual applications. First in order of time is that which is natural—the plain literary interpretation—and afterwards that which is spiritual.

The point to be pressed upon the reading world at the present time is that the Bible is, above all things, an *interesting* literature. No class of readers can afford to neglect it, for—with the single exception noted above—every variety of literary interest is represented in the books of the Old and New Testaments. And, in marvelous manner, all these kinds of literary beauty are concentrated in a single work—the Book of Job. This has an epic story for its basis; if it has less of lyric than of any other form, yet this lyric element—the Curse—is among the most famous passages in all poetry. The bulk of the book is a drama, in which there are characters finely discriminated and meeting in sharp contrast, an open-air scene and chorus of spectators, and a plot which has its dénouement in a thunderstorm—the overlooking of which scenic touch has led to misunderstanding of the speeches attributed to God. The matter of the poem embraces ethical questions, and even questions of social science, which are still the themes of our philosophers; while so artistically are the various elements blended that each stage of the drama—from prologue to epilogue—has the function of stating or shadowing a different solution of the world's great mystery of pain. Such a blending of all kinds of interest in a single work cannot be paralleled in any other of the world's masterpieces.

Among the separate branches of literature the lyric poetry of the Bible ranges from the early Songs of Deborah, or of Israel by the Red Sea, danced by answering choruses of men and women, to such ideal and deeply spiritual meditations as the Hundred and Thirty-ninth Psalm. Critics by no means partial to the religious side of Scripture have recognized that in lyric poetry the Hebrew leads the literature of the world. Of epic poetry, on the contrary, it has been the custom to say that the Bible has no example. But the truth is rather that the definition of epic poetry needs enlarging to take in the stories of Scripture; the ignoring of these has led to the common mistake that "epic" is equivalent to "fiction." Except in this one matter of being part of the national history, these Biblical stories produce upon our minds just the effect of epic poems. Such a story is that of Joseph, with its ironic situations and poetic justice; or that of David and Saul, brimful of adventure; or the mixed verse and prose that make up the story of Balaam; or the exquisite idyl that unites in so sweet a bond the melancholy beauty of Naomi and the shy grace of Ruth; or the crown of them all, the Book of Esther, which is saved from being an exciting novel with a double plot only by the accident of its being historically true. These stories are epic gems in a setting of sober history. And this setting will appeal to a

[1] This will be followed by articles by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, whose subject will be "The Hebrew Psalter;" by Professor J. F. Genung, of Amherst College, who will write upon "Job;" by Professor A. B. Bruce, of Scotland, who will treat of "The Mosaic Law;" by the Rev. W. E. Griffis, whose subject is "The Song of Solomon;" by the Rev. J. M. Whiton, Ph.D., who will write on "Jonah;" and by other articles the authors and subjects of which will be announced later.

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different literary taste, presenting history in all its forms, from the archæology of Genesis, or the constitutional history of the following books, to the ecclesiastical digests of Chronicles.

It is impossible here to name all the departments of Biblical literature. A nation's whole philosophy—in that picturesque dress which has given to Hebrew philosophy its name of "Wisdom"—may be read in the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and the Apocryphal books of Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom of Solomon; read in their proper order, they display the whole development of that philosophy, from the brief, disjointed observations that make up Proverbs, to the first troubled attempt to read the meaning of life in Ecclesiastes, and the recovered serenity when, in the Book of Wisdom, a wider survey of life harmonizes analysis and faith. The literature of oratory is splendidly represented in Deuteronomy; and no collection of speeches in secular literature has the interest which is given to the orations of Moses by the dramatic setting of the book, which presents the pathetic situation of Moses at Pisgah, until pathos becomes triumph and rhetoric gives place to song. Philosophy and oratory belong to all literatures; but the Bible has all to itself the department of prophecy. This gathers into one distinct literary form sermons and political speeches; burdens on hostile peoples that suggest the satires of secular literature; the mystic poetry of visions; dramatic dialogues like Micah's controversy before the mountains, or Jeremiah's intercession in a season of drought; while all ordinary literary forms are transcended when Joel and Isaiah present advancing judgment in a spiritual drama that has all space for its stage and all time for the period of its action.

In intrinsic worth, then, the Old Testament is second to none of the world's great literatures. Moreover, it has, in common with the literature of Greece and Rome, been the main factor in the development of our modern prose and poetry. For the English-speaking people, no liberal education will be complete in which Classical and Biblical literatures do not stand side by side.

Did the Millerites Have Ascension Robes?

By Jane Marsh Parker

Miss Wilkins, in her Millerite story, "A New England Prophet," published in the September "Harper," gives what the majority of her readers will accept, because coming from her, as a true realistic picture of the fanaticism in New England, a glimpse of what has been called the great spiritual cyclone of the century. To those who have personal reminiscences of "the tenth day of the seventh month" excitement of 1844, the story is one of peculiar interest.

The many admirers of Miss Wilkins's most excellent work in the past have always prized its marked characteristic of historical truthfulness, its clear-cut artistic photography. The least betrayal of a lapse on her part in a contrary direction will be noted with regret; such a lapse is her misrepresentation of Millerism as seen in the "New England Prophet," the result evidently of a misconception of the movement drawn from the popular estimate of it—from accepted traditions which cannot be verified. The story seems to deepen many erroneous impressions of a movement which, disastrous as it was, did much to clarify the theological atmosphere. Had Miss Wilkins lived fifty years ago, had she been a child in a home where great charts with their grotesque portraiture of apocalyptic beasts, Nebuchadnezzar's image, and many zoölogical eccentricities and mathematical demonstrations were conspicuous upon the walls, and where the coming of the Lord on "the tenth day of the seventh month" was talked about in a matter-of-fact, positive way, she would have made her story other than it is in several particulars, and the ascension robe, if woven in, would not have been indorsed as a fact, as it certainly is. She would remember how bitterly she suffered as a child when jeered at by her schoolmates for having such a garment, how they used to importune her for a look at it, and how many of them actually believed, because their parents told them so, that the Millerites went up to the graveyard at night in their robes, and that she had been with them. With all that in her remembrance, Miss Wilkins would never have woven an ascension robe into a story, as if all that her playmates accused her of in those dreadful days had been really true, after all.

The movement needed something to give it a picturesque air, and until the camp-meetings began in the woods, the ascension robe was about all that it had in the way of picturesqueness; and that was loaned by the scoffers. To know the fanaticism as it really was, one must read the original literature of the movement—the leading organs of the sect (which in this country numbered over fifty thousand), its many books, and the tracts sown broadcast over the land. It is a most creditable literature, all in all, making due allowance for its iron-clad, unmitigated literalism. We must remember, in reading it, that anything akin to a spiritual interpretation was looked upon with distrust fifty years ago. Verily, did not Universalism and Unitarianism and Swedenborgianism come from the spiritual interpretation? Had Miss Wilkins read much of their publications she would have been surprised, no doubt, at discovering the fair Biblical learning of the leaders of the movement—that they and their followers were not, in the main, illiterate and superstitious—far from it. In turning over the files of the weekly and daily papers published by the Millerites she would have found many allusions to ascension robes. She might have read Father Miller's call for one, asking that one be produced for his inspection, and the reports of those who failed in discovering such a garment. These fanatics were not ashamed of their unpopular and much-reviled faith. If they had provided ascension robes against the last day, they would not have denied that same. But the ascension robe existed only in the brain of the scoffer, and the newspapers made the most of it whenever they could, despite all the protests the Millerites made against the charge of having such garments. Possibly, and probably, the believers would have supplied themselves with ascension robes—that is, some would have had them—only that the first suggestion came from those who jeered at the believers, making them to see how ridiculous ascension robes would appear, notwithstanding their apparent harmony with the general trend of the movement. The only article of the kind that a well-known preacher of the doctrines succeeded in tracking down, after a long and disheartening chase, turned out to be his own—his long nightshirt which his neighbors had seen on the family clothes-line. The writer of this remembers very well hearing as a little child Father Miller (William Miller, not Joseph, as Miss Wilkins has it) talking at her father's table about the ascension robes, and how he wished that, if any of the brethren or sisters ever had been so foolish as to make one, they could be made to see what disgrace they were bringing upon "the cause." In his constant journeying through the country, Father Miller had tried in vain to find some one who really knew of any one who had an ascension robe.

Father Heims, of the diocese of Dakota, the most venerable of the clergy of the Episcopal Church, highly honored and revered by priesthood and laity, was once the chief evangelist—next to Father Miller—of the doctrine of the speedy coming in 1843–1844. His reminiscences of the movement are surely deserving of attention, his word beyond question; and Father Heims (Joshua V. Heims, of the old "Midnight Cry") has about given up trying to dispel the ascension robe delusion, though it still makes him indignant to hear one spoken of as a historical fact, to find it woven in a false light into the song and story of standard authors, and calculated to strengthen an erroneous impression.

If the Millerites had ever arrayed themselves in ascension robes, it would have been when that company of believers went out from Philadelphia some five miles, October 9, 1844, "over the Schuylkill along the Darby

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road," and, pitching their tents in an open field, gave themselves to prayer and praise while they awaited the sounding of the last trumpet. There were some highly bred ladies among them—enthusiasts in the faith—and it was whispered at the time that a spirit of exclusiveness had dictated the withdrawal of the little company from the multitude of believers who assembled for months each day preceding the 24th and 25th in the public hall of the city; that even in such a democratic event as an ascension into the heavens it was the wish of certain old-family Philadelphians not to "go up" with the common crowd. Be that as it may, the records of the episode are extant—reliable records they are, too—and there is nothing to prove that ascension robes were worn upon the occasion. We know that when their expectation dwindled at last to dreary ebb—when the sun rose up as usual, not only on the 26th of October, but on the 27th and the 28th—the little band finally went back to the city they had left, as they believed, forever, but not until they had found in their well-worn Bibles full and satisfactory explanation of why the vision tarried, and why they must wait a while longer. They had no ascension robes to hide from the scoffers; of that we are quite sure.

"I gave up long ago," said a New Churchman recently, when this subject of ascension robes was under discussion, "trying to uproot the prevalent belief that Swedenborgians, as they call us, always put plates on the table at their family feasts for such of their number as are dead. There is no use in denying it, absurd as it is. The world likes to believe that we do, and believe it will."

And so the writer of this expects to find in the collection of some of our Historical Societies at no distant day an ascension robe, the gift of some one who has written upon the card affixed that it was worn upon the day upon which William Miller said the world would come to an end. When one or two of those "flowing white garments" are upon exhibition, verification of their having been an indispensable part of the poor Millerite's outfit will be unnecessary. Nor would it be strange if some who know the truth of the matter should, at the sight of the rare relic, yield to weakness of conviction, begin actually to doubt their own memory, and consent to accept the ascension robe as a fact—at least not to contradict any longer those who say that the Millerites all had them, even they themselves. Hear dear Dr. Holmes's *finale* to his "Latter-Day Warnings"—another nail holding fast for popular recognition the scoffers' fabrication of an ascension robe. Until the dawn of the millennium, says he,

> . . . let Cumming blaze away,
> And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
> But when you see that blessèd day,
> Then order your ascension robe.

Selected Short Stories

IV.—The Courting of Sister Wisby

By Sarah Orne Jewett

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, whose "Courting of Sister Wisby" forms the fourth in our series of selected stories, has lived so quiet and uneventful a life that, so far as regards personal biographical detail, there is little that needs to be said. Her father, Theodore Herman Jewett, was a physician of great ability, and for many years filled a professorship in the medical department of Bowdoin College; he also contributed largely to the medical literature of the country. Miss Jewett was born in South Berwick, Me., on September 3, 1849. Readers of her stories do not need to be told that she has spent a great part of her life in typical New England country places, yet it is equally true that she has traveled extensively both at home and abroad. The greater part of her literary work has been given to the public through the medium of the "Atlantic Monthly," though other magazines have published occasional stories from her pen. Many will recall particularly a charming idyllic sketch, printed about a year ago in the "Century," which tells of the day's outing of an old farmer and his little daughters. In simplicity and faithfulness to nature Miss Jewett has never done anything that surpasses this graceful picture of homely and sweet-tempered character. Her first book, "Deephaven," was printed in 1877; "Old Friends and New" in 1879; "Country Byways" in 1881; "The Mate of the Twilight," etc., in 1883; "The Country Doctor" in 1884; "Marsh Island" in 1885; "The White Heron," etc., in 1886; "Tales of New England" in 1890; "A Native of Winby," etc., in 1893. This list includes the principal part, but not all, of Miss Jewett's literary production. A comparison between Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins is almost inevitable, as both write so intimately and so vividly of old-time New England life and character. In power of story-invention, of intensity of purpose and directness of style, Miss Wilkins has, perhaps, no equal among living American writers. On the other hand, Miss Jewett's stories are often rather sketches than tales, have rarely a definite plot, and are quiet rather than passionate in tone. But in her delicacy of perception, in her recognition of the tender as well as the hard side of New England character, and in her pervading sympathy with nature and with humanity, Miss Jewett is as truly unexcelled. "The Courting of Sister Wisby" is taken from the volume entitled "Tales of New England," and is printed by special permission of and by arrangement with the author (by whom the book is copyrighted) and the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Sarah Orne Jewett

ALL the morning there had been an increasing temptation to take an outdoor holiday, and early in the afternoon the temptation outgrew my power of resistance. A far-away pasture on the long southwestern slope of a high hill was persistently present to my mind, yet there seemed to be no particular reason why I should think of it. I was not sure that I wanted anything from the pasture, and there was no sign, except the temptation, that the pasture wanted anything of me. But I was on the farther side of as many as three fences before I stopped to think again where I was going, and why.

There is no use in trying to tell another person about that afternoon unless he distinctly remembers weather exactly like it. No number of details concerning an Arctic ice-blockade will give a single shiver to a child of the tropics. This was one of those perfect New England days in late summer, when the spirit of autumn takes a first stealthy flight, like a spy, through the ripening country-side, and, with feigned sympathy for those who droop with August heat, puts her cool cloak of bracing air about leaf and flower and human shoulders. Every living thing grows suddenly cheerful and strong; it is only when you catch sight of a horror-stricken little maple in swampy soil—a little maple that has second-sight and foreknowledge of coming disaster to her race—only then does a distrust of autumn's friendliness dim your joyful satisfaction.

In midwinter there is always a day when one has the first foretaste of spring; in late August there is a morning when the air is for the first time autumn-like. Perhaps it

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is a hint to the squirrels to get in their first supplies for the winter hoards, or a reminder that summer will soon end, and everybody had better make the most of it. We are always looking forward to the passing and ending of winter, but when summer is here it seems as if summer must always last. As I went across the fields that day I found myself half lamenting that the world must fade again, even that the best of her budding and bloom was only a preparation for another springtime, for an awakening beyond the coming winter's sleep.

The sun was slightly veiled; there was a chattering group of birds, which had gathered for a conference about their early migration. Yet, oddly enough, I heard the voice of a belated bobolink, and presently saw him rise from the grass and hover leisurely, while he sang a brief tune. He was much behind time if he were still a housekeeper; but as for the other birds, who listened, they cared only for their own notes. An old crow went sagging by, and gave a croak at his despised neighbor, just as a black reviewer croaked at Keats: so hard it is to be just to one's contemporaries. The bobolink was indeed singing out of season, and it was impossible to say whether he really belonged most to this summer or to the next. He might have been delayed on his northward journey; at any rate, he had a light heart now, to judge from his song, and I wished that I could ask him a few questions—how he liked being the last man among the bobolinks, and where he had taken singing-lessons in the South.

Presently I left the lower fields, and took a path that led higher, where I could look beyond the village to the northern country mountainward. Here the sweet-fern grew, thick and fragrant, and I also found myself heedlessly treading on pennyroyal. Near by, in a field corner, I long ago made a most comfortable seat by putting a stray piece of board and bit of rail across the angle of the fences. I have spent many a delightful hour there, in the shade and shelter of a young pitch-pine and a wild-cherry tree, with a lovely outlook toward the village, just far enough away beyond the green slopes and tall elms of the lower meadows. But that day I still had the feeling of being outward-bound, and did not turn aside nor linger. The high pasture-land grew more and more enticing.

I stopped to pick some blackberries that twinkled at me like beads among their dry vines, and two or three yellowbirds fluttered up from the leaves of a thistle, and then came back again, as if they had complacently discovered that I was only an overgrown yellowbird, in strange disguise but perfectly harmless. They made me feel as if I were an intruder, though they did not offer to peck at me, and we parted company very soon. It was good to stand at last on the great shoulder of the hill. The wind was coming in from the sea, there was a fine fragrance from the pines, and the air grew sweeter every moment. I took new pleasure in the thought that, in a piece of wild pasture-land like this, one may get closest to Nature, and subsist upon what she gives of her own free will. There have been no drudging, heavy-shod plowmen to overturn the soil and vex it into yielding artificial crops. Here one has to take just what Nature is pleased to give, whether one is a yellowbird or a human being. It is very good entertainment for a summer wayfarer, and I am asking my reader now to share the winter provision which I harvested that day. Let us hope that the small birds are also faring well after their fashion, but I give them an anxious thought while the snow goes hurrying in long waves across the buried fields, this windy winter night.

I next went farther down the hill, and got a drink of fresh, cool water from the brook, and pulled a tender sheaf of sweet-flag beside it. The mossy old fence just beyond was the last barrier between me and the pasture which had sent an invisible messenger earlier in the day, but I saw that somebody else had come first to the rendezvous: there was a brown gingham cape-bonnet and a sprigged shoulder-shawl bobbing up and down, a little way off among the junipers. I had taken such uncommon pleasure in being alone that I instantly felt a sense of disappointment; then a warm glow of pleasant satisfaction rebuked my selfishness. This could be no one but dear old Mrs. Goodsoe, the friend of my childhood and fond dependence of my maturer years. I had not seen her for many weeks, but here she was, out on one of her famous campaigns for herbs, or perhaps just returning from a blueberrying expedition. I approached with care, so as not to startle the gingham bonnet; but she heard the rustle of the bushes against my dress, and looked up quickly, as she knelt, bending over the turf. In that position she was hardly taller than the luxuriant junipers themselves.

"I'm a-gittin' in my mulleins," she said, briskly, "an' I've been thinking o' you these twenty times since I come out o' the house. I begun to believe you must ha' forgot me at last."

"I have been away from home," I explained. "Why don't you get in your pennyroyal too? There's a great plantation of it beyond the next fence but one."

"Pennyr'yal!" repeated the dear little old woman, with an air of compassion for inferior knowledge; "'taint the right time, darlin'. Pennyr'yal's too rank now. But for mulleins this day is prime. I've got a dreadful graspin' fit for 'em this year; seems if I must be goin' to need 'em extry. I feel like the squirrels must when they know a hard winter's comin'." And Mrs. Goodsoe bent over her work again, while I stood by and watched her carefully cut the best full-grown leaves with a clumsy pair of scissors which might have served through at least half a century of herb-gathering. They were fastened to her apron-strings by a long piece of list.

"I'm going to take my jackknife and help you," I suggested, with some fear of refusal. "I just passed a flourishing family of six or seven heads that must have been growing on purpose for you."

"Now be keerful, dear heart," was the anxious response; "choose 'em well. There's odds in mulleins same's there is in angels. Take a plant that's all run up to stalk, and there ain't but little goodness in the leaves. This one I'm at now must ha' been stepped on by some creatur' and blighted of its bloom, and the leaves is han'some! When I was small I used to have a notion that Adam an' Eve must 'a' took mulleins fer their winter wear. Ain't they just like flannel, for all the world? I've had experience, and I know there's plenty of sickness might be saved to folks if they'd quit horseradish and such fiery, exasperating things, and use mullein drarves in proper season. Now I shall spread these an' dry 'em nice on my spare floor in the garrit, an' come to steam 'em for use along in the winter there'll be the vally of the whole summer's goodness in 'em, sartin." And she snipped away with the dull scissors, while I listened respectfully, and took great pains to have my part of the harvest present a good appearance.

"This is most too dry a head," she added presently, a little out of breath. "There! I can tell you there's win'rows o' young doctors, b'ilin' over with book-l'arnin', that is truly ignorant of what to do for the sick, or how to p'int out those paths that well people foller towards sickness. Book-fools I call 'em, them young men, an' some on 'em never'll live to know much better, if they git to be Methuselahs. In my time every middle-aged woman, who had brought up a family, had some proper ideas o' dealin' with complaints. I won't say but there was some fools amongst *them*, but I'd rather take my chances, unless they'd forsook herbs and gone to dealin' with patent stuff. Now my mother really did sense the use of herbs and roots. I never see anybody that come up to her. She was a meek-looking woman, but very understandin', mother was."

"Then that's where you learned so much yourself, Mrs. Goodsoe," I ventured to say.

"Bless your heart, I don't hold a candle to her; 'tis but little I can recall of what she used to say. No, her l'arnin' died with her," said my friend, in a self-depreciating tone. "Why, there was as many as twenty kinds of roots alone that she used to keep by her, that I forget the use of; an' I'm sure I shouldn't know where to find the most of 'em, any. There was an herb"—*airb*, she called it—"an herb called masterwort, that she used to get 'way from Pennsylvany; and she used to think everything of noble liverwort, but I never could seem to get the right effects from it as

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she could. Though I don't know as she ever really did use masterwort where somethin' else wouldn't 'a' served. She had a cousin married out in Pennsylvany that used to take pains to get it to her every year or two, and so she felt 'twas important to have it. Some set more by such things as come from a distance, but I rec'lect mother always used to maintain that folks was meant to be doctored with the stuff that grew right about 'em; 'twas sufficient, an' so ordered. That was before the whole population took to livin' on wheels, the way they do now. 'Twas never my idee that we was meant to know what's goin' on all over the world to once. There's goin' to be some sort of a setback one o' these days, with these telegraphs an' things, an' letters comin' every hand's turn, and folks leavin' their proper work to answer 'em. I may not live to see it. 'Twas allowed to be difficult for folks to git about in old times, or to git word across the country, and they stood in their lot an' place, and weren't all just alike, either, same as pine-spills."

We were kneeling side by side now, as if in penitence for the march of progress, but we laughed as we turned to look at each other.

"Do you think it did much good when everybody brewed a cracked quart mug of herb-tea?" I asked, walking away on my knees to a new mullein.

"I've always lifted my voice against the practice, far's I could," declared Mrs. Goodsoe; "an' I won't deal out none o' the herbs I save for no such nonsense. There was three houses along our road—I call no names—where you couldn't go into the livin'-room without findin' a mess o' herb-tea drorin' on the stove or side o' the fireplace, winter or summer, sick or well. One was thoroughwut, one would be camomile, and the other, like as not, yellow dock; but they all used to put in a little new rum to git out the goodness, or keep it from sp'ilin'." (Mrs. Goodsoe favored me with a knowing smile.) "Land, how mother used to laugh! But, poor creatur's, they had to work hard, and I guess it never done 'em a mite o' harm; they was all good herbs. I wish you could hear the quawkin' there used to be when they was indulged with a real case o' sickness. Everybody would collect from far an' near; you'd see 'em coming along the road and across the pastures then; everybody clamorin' that nothin' wouldn't do no kind o' good but her choice o' teas or drarves to the feet. I wonder there was a babe lived to grow up in the whole lower part o' the town; an' if nothin' else 'peared to ail 'em, word was passed about that 'twas likely Mis' So-and-so's last young one was goin' to be foolish. Land, how they'd gather! I know one day the doctor come to Widder Peck's and the house was crammed so't he could scercely git inside the door; and he says, just as polite, 'Do send for some of the neighbors!' as if there wa'n't a soul to turn to, right or left. You'd ought to seen 'em begin to scatter."

"But don't you think the cars and telegraphs have given people more to interest them, Mrs. Goodsoe? Don't you believe people's lives were narrower then, and more taken up with little things?" I asked, unwisely, being a product of modern times.

"Not one mite, dear," said my companion, stoutly. "There was as big thoughts then as there is now; these times was born o' them. The difference is in folks themselves; but now, instead o' doin' their own housekeepin' and watchin' their own neighbors—though that was carried to excess—they git word that a niece's child is ailin' the other side o' Massachusetts, and they drop everything and git on their best clothes, and off they jiggit in the cars. 'Tis a bad sign when folks wears out their best clothes faster 'n they do their every-day ones. The other side o' Massachusetts has got to look after itself by rights. An', besides that, Sunday-keepin' 's all gone out o' fashion. Some lays it to one thing an' some another, but some o' them old ministers that folks are all a-sighin' for did preach a lot o' stuff that wa'n't nothin' but chaff; 'twa'n't the word o' God out o' either Old Testament or New. But everybody went to meetin' and heard it, and come home, and was set to fightin' with their next-door neighbor over it. Now I'm a believer, and I try to live a Christian life, but I'd as soon hear a surveyor's book read out, figgers an' all, as try to get any simple truth out o' most sermons. It's them as is most to blame."

"What was the matter that day at Widow Peck's?" I hastened to ask, for I knew by experience that the good, clear-minded soul beside me was apt to grow unduly vexed and distressed when she contemplated the state of religious teaching.

"Why, there wa'n't nothin' the matter, only a gal o' Mis' Peck's had met with a dis'p'intment and had gone into screechin' fits. 'Twas a rovin' creatur' that had come along hayin'-time, and he'd gone off an' forsook her betwixt two days; nobody ever knew what become of him. Them Pecks was 'Good Lord, anybody!' kind o' gals, and took up with whoever they could get. One of 'em married Heron, the Irishman; they lived in that little house that was burnt this summer, over on the edge o' the plains. He was a good-hearted creatur', with a laughin' eye and a clever word for everybody. He was the first Irishman that ever came this way, and we was all for gettin' a look at him, when he first used to go by. Mother's folks was what they call Scotch-Irish, though; there was an old race of 'em settled about here. They could foretell events, some on 'em, and had the second-sight. I know folks used to say mother's grandmother had them gifts, but mother was never free to speak about it to us. She remembered her well, too."

"I suppose that you mean old Jim Heron, who was such a famous fiddler?" I asked, with great interest, for I am always delighted to know more about that rustic hero, parochial Orpheus that he must have been!

"Now, dear heart, I suppose you don't remember him, do you?" replied Mrs. Goodsoe, earnestly. "Fiddle! He'd about break your heart with them tunes of his, or else set your heels flying up the floor in a jig, though you was minister o' the First Parish and all wound up for a funeral prayer. I tell ye there ain't no tunes sounds like them used to. It used to seem to me summer nights when I was comin' along the plains road, and he set by the window playin', as if there was a bewitched human creatur' in that old red fiddle o' his. He could make it sound just like a woman's voice tellin' somethin' over and over, as if folks could help her out o' her sorrows if she could only make 'em understand. I've set by the stone wall and cried as if my heart was broke, and dear knows it wa'n't in them days. How he would twirl off them jigs and dance-tunes! He used to make somethin' han'some out of 'em in fall an' winter, playin' at huskin's and dancin' parties; but he was unstiddy by spells, as he got along in years, and never knew what it was to be forehanded. Everybody felt bad when he died; you couldn't help likin' the creatur'. He'd got the gift—that's all you could say about it.

"There was a Mis' Jerry Foss, that lived over by the brook bridge, on the plains road, that had lost her husband early, and was left with three child'n. She set the world by 'em, and was a real pleasant, ambitious little woman, and was workin' on as best she could with that little farm, when there come a rage o' scarlet fever, and her boy and two girls was swept off and laid dead within the same week. Every one o' the neighbors did what they could, but she'd had no sleep since they was taken sick, and after the funeral she set there just like a piece o' marble, and would only shake her head when you spoke to her. They all thought her reason would go; and 'twould certain, if she couldn't have shed tears. An' one o' the neighbors—'twas like mother's sense, but it might have been somebody else—spoke o' Jim Heron. Mother an' one or two o' the women that knew her best was in the house with her. 'Twas right in the edge o' the woods, and some of us younger ones was over by the wall on the other side of the road where there was a couple of old willows—I remember just how the brook damp felt; and we kept quiet 's we could, and some other folks come along down the road, and stood waitin' on the little bridge, hopin' somebody 'd come out, I suppose, and they'd git news. Everybody was wrought up, and felt a good deal for her, you know. By an' by Jim Heron come stealin' right out o' the shadows an' set down on the doorstep, an' 'twas a good while be-

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fore we heard a sound; then, oh, dear me! 'twas what the whole neighborhood felt for that mother all spoke in the notes, an' they told me afterwards that Mis' Foss's face changed in a minute, and she come right over an' got into my mother's lap—she was a little woman—an' laid her head down, and there she cried herself into a blessed sleep. After a while one o' the other women stole out an' told the folks, and we all went home. He only played that one tune.

"But there!" resumed Mrs. Goodsoe, after a silence, during which my eyes were filled with tears. "His wife always complained that the fiddle made her nervous. She never 'peared to think nothin' o' poor Heron after she'd once got him."

"That's often the way," said I, with harsh cynicism, though I had no guilty person in my mind at the moment; and we went straying off, not very far apart, up through the pasture. Mrs. Goodsoe cautioned me that we must not get so far off that we could not get back the same day. The sunshine began to feel very hot on our backs, and we both turned toward the shade. We had already collected a large bundle of mullein-leaves, which were carefully laid into a clean calico apron, held together by the four corners, and proudly carried by me, though my companion regarded them with anxious eyes. We sat down together at the edge of the pine woods, and Mrs. Goodsoe proceeded to fan herself with her limp cape-bonnet.

"I declare, how hot it is! The east wind's all gone again," she said. "It felt so cool this forenoon that I overburdened myself with as thick a petticoat as any I've got. I'm desp'rit afeared of having a chill, now that I ain't so young as once. I hate to be housed up."

"It's only August, after all," I assured her unnecessarily, confirming my statement by taking two peaches out of my pocket and laying them side by side on the brown pine needles between us.

"Dear sakes alive!" exclaimed the old lady, with evident pleasure. "Where did you get them, now? Doesn't anything taste twice better out-o'-doors? I ain't had such a peach for years. Do le's keep the stones, an' I'll plant 'em; it only takes four year for a peach-pit to come to bearing, an' I guess I'm good for four year, 'thout I meet with some accident."

I could not help agreeing, or taking a fond look at the thin little figure, and her wrinkled brown face and kind, twinkling eyes. She looked as if she had properly dried herself, by mistake, with some of her mullein-leaves, and was likely to keep her goodness and to last the longer in consequence. There never was a truer, simple-hearted soul made out of the old-fashioned country dust than Mrs. Goodsoe. I thought, as I looked away from her across the wide country, that nobody was left in any of the farm-houses so original, so full of rural wisdom and reminiscence, so really able and dependable, as she. And nobody had made better use of her time in a world foolish enough to sometimes undervalue medicinal herbs.

When we had eaten our peaches, we still sat under the pines, and I was not without pride when I had poked about in the ground with a little twig, and displayed to my crony a long, fine root, bright yellow to the eye, and a wholesome bitter to the taste.

"Yis, dear, goldthread," she assented, indulgently. "Seems to me there's more of it than anything except grass an' hardhack. Good for canker, but no better than two or three other things I can call to mind; but I always lay in a good wisp of it, for old times' sake. Now, I want to know why you should 'a' bit it, and took away all the taste o' your nice peach? I was just thinkin' what a handsome entertainment we've had. I've got so I 'sociate certain things with certain folks, and goldthread was somethin' Lizy Wisby couldn't keep house without, noways whatever. I believe she took so much it kind o' puckered her disposition."

"Lizy Wisby?" I repeated, inquiringly.

"You knew her, if ever, by the name of Mis' Deacon Brimblecom," answered my friend, as if this were only a brief preface to further information, so I waited with respectful expectation. Mrs. Goodsoe had grown tired out in the sun, and a good story would be an excuse for sufficient rest. It was a most lovely place where we sat, half-way up the long hillside; for my part, I was perfectly contented and happy. "You've often heard of Deacon Brimblecom?" she asked, as if a great deal depended upon his being properly introduced.

"I remember him," said I. "They called him Deacon Brimfull, you know, and he used to go about with a witch-hazel branch to show people where to dig wells."

"That's the one," said Mrs. Goodsoe, laughing. "I didn't know's you could go so far back. I'm always divided between whether you can remember everything I can, or are only a babe in arms."

"I have a dim recollection of there being something strange about their marriage," I suggested, after a pause which began to appear dangerous. I was so much afraid the subject would be changed.

"I can tell you all about it," I was quickly answered. "Deacon Brimblecom was very pious, accordin' to his lights, in his early years. He lived 'way back in the country then, and there come a rovin' preacher along and set everybody up that way all by the ears. I've heard the old folks talk it over, but I forget most of his doctrine, except some of his followers was persuaded they could dwell among the angels while yet on airth, and this Deacon Brimfull, as you call him, felt sure he was called by the voice of a spirit bride. So he left a good, deservin' wife he had, an' four children, and built him a new house over to the other side of the land he'd had from his father. They didn't take much pains with the buildin', because they expected to be translated before long, and then the spirit brides and them folks was goin' to appear and divide up the airth amongst 'em, and the world's folks and on-believers was goin' to serve 'em or be sent to torments. They had meetin's about in the school-houses, an' all sorts o' goin's-on; some on 'em went crazy, but the deacon held on to what wits he had, an' by an' by the spirit bride didn't turn out to be much of a housekeeper, an' he had always been used to good livin', so he sneaked home ag'in. One o' mother's sisters married up to Ash Hill, where it all took place; that's how I come to have the particulars."

"Then how did he come to find his Eliza Wisby?" I inquired. "Do tell me the whole story; you've got mullein-leaves enough."

"There's all yisterday's at home, if I haven't," replied Mrs. Goodsoe. "The way he come a-courtin' o' Sister Wisby was this: she went a-courtin' o' him.

"There was a spell he lived to home, and then his poor wife died, and he had a spirit bride in good earnest, an' the child'n was placed about with his folks and hers, for they was both out o' good families; and I don't know what come over him, but he had another pious fit that looked for all the world like the real thing. He hadn't no family cares, and he lived with his brother's folks, and turned his land in with theirs. He used to travel to every meetin' an' conference that was within reach of his old sorrel hoss's feeble legs; he j'ined the Christian Baptists that was just in their early prime, and he was a great exhorter, and got to be called deacon, though I guess he wa'n't deacon, 'less it was for a spare hand when deacon timber was scercer'n usual. An' one time there was a four days' protracted meetin' to the church in the lower part of the town. 'Twas a real solemn time; something more'n usual was goin' forward, an' they collected from the whole country round. Women folks liked it, an' the men too; it give 'em a change, an' they was quartered round free, same as conference folks now. Some on 'em, for a joke, sent Silas Brimblecom up to Lizy Wisby's, though she'd give out she couldn't accommodate nobody, because of expectin' her cousin's folks. Everybody knew 'twas a lie; she was amazin' close, considerin' she had plenty to do with. There was a streak that wa'n't just right somewheres in Lizy's wits, I always thought. She was very kind in case o' sickness, I'll say that for her.

"You know where the house is, over there on what they call Windy Hill? There the deacon went, all unsuspectin', and 'stead o' Lizy's resentin' of him she put in her own

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hoss, and they come back together to evenin' meetin'. She was prominent among the sect herself, an' he bawled and talked, and she bawled and talked, an' took up more'n the time allotted in the exercises, just as if they was showin' off to each other what they was able to do at expoundin'. Everybody was laughin' at 'em after the meetin' broke up, and that next day, an' the next, an' all through, they was constant, and seemed to be havin' a beautiful occasion. Lizy had always give out she scorned the men, but when she got a chance at a particular one 'twas altogether different, and the deacon seemed to please her somehow or 'nother, and— There! you don't want to listen to this old stuff that's past an' gone?"

"Oh yes, I do," said I.

"I run on like a clock that's onset her striking hand," said Mrs. Goodsoe, mildly. "Sometimes my kitchen timepiece goes on half the forenoon, and I says to myself the day before yisterday I would let it be a warnin', and keep it in mind for a check on my own speech. The next news that was heard was that the deacon an' Lizy—well, opinions differed which of 'em had spoke first, but them fools settled it before the protracted meetin' was over, and give away their hearts before he started for home. They considered 'twould be wise, though, considerin' their short acquaintance, to take one another on trial a spell; 'twas Lizy's notion, and she asked him why he wouldn't come over and stop with her till spring, and then, if they both continued to like, they could git married any time 'twas convenient. Lizy, she come and talked it over with mother, and mother disliked to offend her, but she spoke pretty plain; and Lizy felt hurt, an' thought they was showin' excellent judgment, so much harm come from hasty unions and folks comin' to a realizin' sense of each other's failin's when 'twas too late.

"So one day our folks saw Deacon Brimfull a-ridin' by with a gre't coopful of hens in the back o' his wagon, and bundles o' stuff tied on top and hitched to the exes underneath; and he riz a hymn just as he passed the house, and was speedin' the old sorrel with a willer switch. 'Twas most Thanksgivin' time, an' sooner 'n she expected him. New Year's was the time she set; but he thought he'd better come while the roads was fit for wheels. They was out to meetin' together Thanksgivin' Day, an' that used to be a gre't season for marryin'; so the young folks nudged each other, and some on 'em ventured to speak to the couple as they come down the aisle. Lizy carried it off real well; she wa'n't afraid o' what nobody said or thought, and so home they went. They 'd got out her yaller sleigh and her hoss; she never would ride after the deacon's poor old creatur', and I believe it died long o' the winter from stiffenin' up.

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodsoe, emphatically, after we had silently considered the situation for a short space of time —"yes, there was consider'ble talk, now, I tell you! The raskil boys pestered 'em just about to death for a while. They used to collect up there an' rap on the winders, and they 'd turn out all the deacon's hens 'long at nine o'clock o' night, and chase 'em all over the dingle; an' one night they even lugged the pig right out o' the sty, and shoved it into the back entry, an' run for their lives. They'd stuffed its mouth full o' somethin' so it couldn't squeal till it got there. There wa'n't a sign o' nobody to be seen when Lizy hasted out with the light, and she an' the deacon had to persuade the creatur' back as best they could; 'twas a cold night, and they said it took 'em till towards mornin'. You see, the deacon was just the kind of a man that a hog wouldn't budge for; it takes a masterful man to deal with a hog. Well, there was no end to the works nor the talk, but Lizy left 'em pretty much alone. She did 'pear kind of dignified about it, I must say!"

"And then, were they married in the spring?"

"I was tryin' to remember whether it was just before Fast Day or just after," responded my friend, with a careful look at the sun, which was nearer the west than either of us had noticed. "I think likely 'twas along in the last o' April; anyway, some of us looked out o' the window one Monday mornin' early, and says, 'For goodness' sake! Lizy's sent the deacon home again!' His old sorrel havin' passed away, he was ridin' in Ezry Welsh's hoss-cart, with his hen-coop and more bundles than he had when he come, and he looked as meechin' as ever you see. Ezry was drivin', and he let a glance fly swiftly round to see if any of us was lookin' out; an' then, I declare, if he didn't have the malice to turn right in towards the barn where he see my oldest brother, Joshuay, an' says he, real natural, 'Joshuay, just step out with your wrench. I believe I hear my kingbolt rattlin' kind o' loose.' Brother, he went out and took in the sitooation, an' the deacon bowed kind of stiff. Joshuay was so full o' laugh, and Ezry Welsh, that they couldn't look one another in the face. There wa'n't nothing ailed the kingbolt, you know, an' when Josh riz up, he says, 'Goin' up country for a spell, Mr. Brimblecom?'

"'I be,' says the deacon, lookin' dreadful mortified and cast down.

"'Ain't things turned out well with you an' Sister Wisby?' says Joshuay. 'You had ought to remember that the woman is the weaker vessel.'

"'Hang her, let her carry less sail, then!' the deacon bu'st out, and he stood right up an' shook his fist there by the hen-coop, he was so mad; an' Ezry's hoss was a young creatur', an' started up an' set the deacon right over backwards into the chips. We didn't know but he'd broke his neck; but when he see the women folks runnin' out, he jumped up quick as a cat, an' clim' into the cart, an' off they went. Ezry said he told him that he couldn't git along with Lizy, she was so fractious in thundery weather; if there was a rumble in the daytime she must go right to bed an' screech, and if 'twas night she must git right up an' go an' call him out of a sound sleep. But everybody knew he'd never 'a' gone home unless she'd sent him.

"Somehow they made it up ag'in right away, him an' Lizy, and she had him back. She'd been countin' all along on not havin' to hire nobody to work about the gardin an' so on, an' she said she wa'n't goin' to let him have a whole winter's board for nothin'. So the old hens was moved back, and they was married right off fair an' square, an' I don't know but they got along well as most folks. He brought his youngest girl down to live with 'em after a while, an' she was a real treasure to Lizy; everybody spoke well o' Phebe Brimblecom. The deacon got over his pious fit, and there was consider'ble work in him if you kept right after him. He was an amazin' cider-drinker, and he airnt the name you know him by in his latter days. Lizy never trusted him with nothin', but she kep' him well. She left everything she owned to Phebe when she died, 'cept somethin' to satisfy the law. There, they're all gone now: seems to me, sometimes, when I get thinkin', as if I'd lived a thousand years!"

I laughed, but I found that Mrs. Goodsoe's thoughts had taken a serious turn.

"There, I come by some old graves down here in the lower edge of the pasture," she said as we rose to go. "I couldn't help thinking how I should like to be laid right out in the pasture-ground when my time comes; it looked sort o' comfortable, and I have ranged these slopes so many summers. Seems as if I could see right up through the turf and tell when the weather was pleasant, and get the goodness o' the sweet-fern. Now, dear, just hand me my apernful o' mulleins out o' the shade. I hope you won't come to need none this winter, but I'll dry some special for you."

"I'm going home by the road," said I, "or else by the path across the meadows, so I will walk as far as the house with you. Aren't you pleased with my company?" for she demurred at my going the least bit out of the way.

So we strolled toward the little gray house, with our plunder of mullein-leaves slung on a stick which we carried between us. Of course I went in to make a call, as if I had not seen my hostess before; she is the last maker of muster-gingerbread, and before I came away I was kindly measured for a pair of mittens.

"You'll be sure to come an' see them two peach-trees after I get 'em well growin'?" Mrs. Goodsoe called after me when I had said good-by and was almost out of hearing down the road.

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The Home

The Minor Threads

"It is not enough to do the right thing. It must be done in the right way. It must be done at the right time. It must be done by the right men. It must be done from right motives. The thing right in itself becomes wrong, or at least impossible, when done without regard to these requirements."

The above paragraph is from an editorial in the Brooklyn "Eagle." It is a profound truth, which man is slow to accept. And the only man who can accept it is the man of trained mind, of breadth of mental grasp. The superficial mind sees but one thing at a time; it cannot comprehend the causes that control every step, that make it impossible to act without regard to results. To do the right thing may involve such a network of possibilities as will lead to positive wrong. The pilot who understands his duties pays attention to the tide and the atmosphere, as well as his chart and compass. Life is not one thread; it is a loom with many spindles all filled and moving in and out. The pattern we weave, even if every energy, every thought, is trained to make it perfect, will have many blurred places, many blank, colorless spaces. Not one thread stands by itself; each bears a part in the whole; we cannot break off and begin again without showing the blemish, even though the thread be knotted, thin, or imperfectly colored. We must undo part of the finished pattern and weave over again after the imperfection has been removed. The wise weaver is he who knows where to stop with the least possibility of marring the pattern. For the weaver owes a duty to the Designer, to the Owner of the finished whole. That finished whole is never one life, it is the universe. One life is but a thread in that whole, and cannot stand by itself.

The Civic Club of Philadelphia

By Mary E. Mumford

The circles of bright women organized in every considerable town or city during the past two decades had in their beginnings no thought beyond forming centers of literary culture and making for themselves a plane of good-fellowship less formal than is usually allowed in the canons of so-called society. But the attritions of these circles have kindled thought, opened up new fields of activity, and deepened the woman's sense of responsibility to those around her. An evolution has taken place, as was inevitable, dimly understood by us who are in the midst of its changes, but working steadily through a history which will make an interesting bit of reading by and by. As evolutionists tell us that, at some center where impulse is strongest, the lower life puts out of the old into a new and different development, so, in Philadelphia (nurtured on the old Quaker doctrine of a woman's right to speak her mind if moved by the Spirit), has blossomed out a new organization, not devoted simply to self-culture and good-comradeship, but recognizing the responsibility of women as citizens, and their duty to "promote by education and active co-operation a higher public spirit and a better social order." The members of the Civic Club of Philadelphia do not come forward with any well-defined theories of reform or any general panaceas for existing evils. They simply announce themselves as students of city government and social development.

They are trammeled by no traditions; they have no "deals" in politics; they will stand for the best things so far as patient research discovers to them what the best may be.

For the sake of this study the Club has been organized in four departments on the following subjects: Municipal Government, Social Science, Education, and Art.

The Municipal section, under the leadership of Mrs. S. C. Fraley-Hallowell, of the staff of the "Public Ledger," gives this account of itself: "The membership of the Municipal Department is decidedly interesting. It has attracted many shrewd thinkers, women who are facing the neglected questions of city government, women who are taxpayers, some who are members of the Philadelphia County Woman's Suffrage Society, as well as a number who would prefer not to have the suffrage, if this entails on them to have the ignorance of some women voters added to the ignorant male vote. But they are all united on one point, and the motto of the department is, 'Information before Reformation.' Their aim is to instruct themselves perfectly in the working machinery of municipal affairs. They meet on the third Monday morning in each month. There are sub-committees on 'Taxation,' 'Licenses,' 'The foreign and the native ignorant vote,' and others grouped together under the title 'Analysis of the vote;' the committees on 'Civil Service' and 'Councils' are also active. It is the Chairman's duty to seek out information in various matters of Philadelphia's government, information which is as yet not written down in any book, but is obtainable from intelligent participators in civic affairs. These matters, together with such current history as can be obtained from the 'Council's Manual,' Allison and Penrose's 'History of Philadelphia's Government,' and Mr. Charles Brinley's 'Voters' Handbook,' are the subjects of the Chairman's address at each meeting; the 'Functions of Councils,' the 'Progress of a Vote,' 'The Framework of Our Municipal Order,' being the matters already touched upon. 'Party Machinery' and the 'City's Courts' are outlined to follow in the autumn."

The section on Education, Miss Anna Hallowell (of the Board of Public Education), Chairman, concerns itself with the educational interests of the town, and has its sub-committees on the placing of women on school boards, public libraries, the need of reorganization of school government in large cities, etc. At its monthly meetings it has discussed the history of education in Philadelphia; Dr. J. M. Rice's criticisms of our schools; and held a joint meeting with the Public Education Association, at which the need of revision of our school department was practically considered. It will concern itself with a study of secondary education, kindergartens, manual training, half-time schools, compulsory education, using the schools of our own and other cities for places of observation and comparison. The Committee on Literature of Education, Miss Agnes Irwin (now of Radcliffe College), Chairman, made for the members of the section a valuable list of books for reading, on the general topic of popular education.

The Social Science section has an open field, and may take up any phase of modern life. Its attention was first directed to the industrial depression of last winter, and a study of the best means of relief. Another sub-committee began the study of local charities and their tendency to overlap each other. The section may attack from a new side, *i. e.*, the woman's side, the well-worn labor problem. It may ferret out "sweating" dens, or it may turn a critical eye on domestic affairs, or even on the customs of "society." Its field is the world.

The Art section, on whose roll are such distinguished names as Emily Sartain, Cecilia Beaux, and Alice Barber Stephens, looks on our city with its beauty-loving eyes—and I am afraid finds much amiss.

Four committees were formed in this department: on parks, boulevards, squares, and playgrounds, of which we have all too few in our wide area; on public music; on art associations in other cities; and on similar associations in Philadelphia, including the subject of art decoration, such as placing photographs and casts in public schools, in reformatories, etc., as in Boston.

One of the committees took part this spring in defending the Wissahickon Ravine from being improved out of recognition. The same committee purchased twelve baskets for refuse, to be placed in the "Zoo" and in Fairmount Park, after the example of Chicago.

A literature committee has also been formed for the circulation, in the department of books and pamphlets relative

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to municipal art, a list of such books to be found in the Pennsylvania Academy of Arts.

One source of gratification in our new club is the fact that it had its origin in the heart of young Philadelphia. But it did not forget that old heads are useful for counsel, and chose for the President a woman of wide horizons, acknowledged scholarly attainment, and rare power of inspiration, while in the list of officers and governing board we find names of women who have for many years been known in the public charities and on executive boards of the Quaker City.

I have kept close to practical details in this sketch, supposing it will be read with most interest by women who are now being assured that their minds deal only with the concrete, and are not capable of the abstract. Such will be pleased to know also that the dues of the Club have been three dollars per year, to which will be added an initiation fee next year. The membership in six months amounts to three hundred. To find a meeting-place capable of accommodating such a number is now becoming a question of some moment.

The society during the last season has published pamphlets for distribution, among them the following:

1. Relation of Women to Municipal Reform. Herbert Welsh.
2. Relation of Women to Municipal Reform. Mary E. Mumford.
3. Addresses made at Joint Meeting of Civic Club and Public Education Society, by Mr. Herbert Welsh, Miss C. Pendleton, and President Charles De Garmo, of Swarthmore College.
4. Address of President, Mrs. Stevenson, at the same meeting.
5. Historical View of Public Education in Philadelphia.
6. Address of Chairman of Municipal Department to Members of Club and women at large.

The Cellar

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

Ye mind me o' departed days.

"Sister Margaret, how much coal does Ben use each week in your heaters?"

"Indeed, my dear, I don't know; but if I were to take my seat on the coal-bin day in and day out, I am sure Ben would not throw in a hod the less."

Perhaps they were despots in their domains, those old-time servants. Certainly the Ben of this conversation was king of the cellar; but which of us would not exchange our King Stork of this present epoch for King Log of the past?

Where we now hear of a domestic who has lived two, three, and four years in one family, we are constrained to call him or her faithful. Ben threw out coal from his mistress's cellar bins in such quantities as pleased him from the time his wool was kinky black till it was kinky gray, yet the grandchildren he saw born into the home have never heard that "Grandmother" arrived at the point of a seat on the coal-bin to restrain Ben's faithful shovel.

But a coal-bin such as the old home cellar boasted was not such a bad seat, after all. The grandchildren, at least, thought it the height of comfort as they sat on the edge of the hard, dark wood bins, kicking their little heels, while their intimate friend Ben worked over the coal.

Next to the garret in their childish affections stood this cellar with its neat cobblestone floor and roomy divisions.

It is all very well for the older generations to talk of the decline of neatness, but they know as little of the woes of cramped housekeeping as the housekeeper of to-day who blames the tenement family for untidiness. Flat-keeping, even under the best conditions, may teach a wholesome lesson in charity toward the tenement-houses. In the small rooms of an apartment-house each pin must be kept in its own hole in the cushion, or all is confused. Fancy, then, the difficulty of keeping order in one room which is the shelter of a whole family!

O for the lost space our ancestors enjoyed! Where has it vanished? Where are the real garrets and the real cellars such as Ben ruled over?

Ben's cellar—his mistress's it was only by courtesy—was divided into three parts, with plenty of elbow-room in each. First, and next the front windows, sunk beneath the street, came the coal and wood bins, the coal heaped in great black mountains, the wood neatly piled and smelling of the forest whence it came.

The second compartment held dark wood bins also, but these were filled with clear white sand, delightful to lift in the hands and sift in grains through the fingers.

Ben never stopped for any such nonsense. When he came to these sand-bins he would jump in and make the grains fly, digging and digging with his black, horny paws like a dog unearthing a bone, only Ben's bones were the sweet potatoes which were stored in the white sand every summer season for winter use, each potato with its small end carefully pointing down.

In this second compartment also was the slatted pantry, built to protect the contents from grown people, not children; or perhaps the carpenter relied on model childhood when he laid the slats wide enough to admit little heads and arms. Grandmother, too, was unusually shortsighted, or good-naturedly willing for pilfering, when she set the barrel of "sugar-crackers" close to the slats.

What a wicked joy to insert a thin childish arm and lift the wooden barrel-lid, while another naughty hand squeezed in, monkey-like, to draw out enough crackers for two greedy mouths!

Once the wooden lid slipped and fell with a crash that seemed in guilty ears to boom through the silent cellar. The key of the slatted pantry must be got at all hazards, and the sugar-cracker lid, which lay provokingly beyond groping fingers, must be replaced. Grandmother's key-basket set by her side in the sewing-room. In the next room lay another grandchild, a baby, and grandmother's darling, fast asleep. There was surely nothing unnatural in a cousinly desire to view the little sleeper, but the sudden wail of the awakened baby brought grandmother in to the cradle, frowning on the intruder. The key-basket momentarily lost its protector, but that was long enough. The baby is a man now, and has forgiven the pinch which awaked him—has lived to pinch in turn, most likely; certainly he, too, has since stolen from the dear old slatted pantry that was so seductive, locked or unlocked. To unlock the door and to enter was to see set against the back pantry wall a deep stone trough through which water flowed, a shallow stream, in one end and out of the other. In summer this trough held butter, cottage-cheese, and milk in cold stone crocks which the cool running water laved constantly.

Grandmother herself always skimmed the cream from the crocks, and at the end of the skimming the child who had been best—or least found out—that day received the skimmer to lap.

It was a delicious though kitten-like treat, looked forward to from morning to morning; and how we resented it if grandmother first scraped off into her cream-pitcher any of the adhesive cream which we considered our perquisite!

Over the water-trough a smooth wooden shelf hangs from the ceiling holding cold meats, while on other shelves about the slatted walls are grandmother's home-made cordials—medicinal blackberry, which it is worth being ill to obtain; rich orange, which we can drink only when in best bodily condition—then but a thimbleful; last, "Perfect Love Cordial," made of I know not what, and reserved for family weddings alone.

In fact, the slatted pantry is a kind of kingdom within a kingdom. Inside the slats, grandmother's domain wholly; outside, Ben's. He stands at the door-sill to receive from her hand the sugar-loaves for cutting, and, as he takes them to the chopping-block in the third cellar division, all the children troop after him to see the blue paper torn from the snowy white cone, and the cone itself chopped and cut, now this way and now that, into sugar-lumps for the table.

The splintered sugar almost flies into the mouth, and the cutting is so pretty! Sugar cut by machinery is all very well, but it's not Ben in the cellar cutting in view of an eager group scrambling for splinters!

Ben's special interest and cellar pride centered in the

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"hopper," which, with the chopping-block, stood in the third division. The hopper was a great wooden funnel into which all the wood ashes of the house were poured, with a little water added on top.

From the nose of the funnel drip, drip, drip, came a perpetual drop of pure wood-ash lye into a bucket set beneath. Ben called it "making lye" to sit with his chin in his fists and watch that perpetual drop. This was his favorite cellar work.

Nothing was niggardly, nothing was wasted, under grandmother's roof. Ben's lye, boiled with the fat saved from the kitchen, would be washing-soap some day. There was in the family a current story that the only thrashing worthy of the name which grandmother's only son ever received was from his father as a punishment for stealing the carving-knife and with it slashing into ribbons the tubbed soap which had been set in the yard to cool.

It was not the value of the soap at stake, but the wound to grandmother's feelings—to her housekeeping dignity—that made the punishment severe.

Housekeeping was a sacred vocation in those days, when a garret was a real garret and a cellar a real cellar.

Scientific Child Study

A recent number of the "Journal of Psychology," edited by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has an article on "Child Language" which should be read by every mother of young children. Clark University is doing special work in studying child life in connection with mothers. Mr. Christman, a Fellow in Pedagogy in Clark University, says of the new study that "it is to inquire into the life, the growth, the ideas, the very being, of the child." A book is issued called "The Baby Book," with blank pages properly lined for the recording of interesting events of a baby's life—its weight at different periods, the time when the first tooth appeared, the first articulate utterance and what it was (that is, the sound), and the first conscious movements. The value of such a study will be understood more fully when the article on "Child Language" is read. It is based upon data furnished by five hundred mothers who are in communication with this department in Clark University. The intelligent collection of such data makes possible the study of child life at that perplexing period when the child, to the ignorant, has no method of expressing any emotion or feeling but that of hunger or pain. This scientific study will save the babies of the future from that forcing process which overstrains certain functions and limits their development. There are thousands of children who during their life bear the burden of mental or physical ill health as a result of the ignorance of those who had charge of them in their infancy. Dr. Hall states that many children, because of the overstraining of certain functions at a critical period, lose the senses of sight and of hearing, or have them limited. When scientists who have made a study of infants, physically and mentally, tell us that strains on different parts of the body during the growing period affect the child's future as much as underfeeding or overfeeding, that many children even in intelligent homes are affected as much by the mental strains they are forced to endure as the children of the poor are affected by the physical hardships that they must endure, one feels the necessity of the scientific care of the body and mind during the first years of life.

The second value of such study is that it teaches both parents and teachers that certain mental defects are due wholly to physical causes. Many children suffer because they find that they are objects of criticism for slowness in catching an idea; they are made to feel that it is a fault which they could overcome if they would. If those about them realized that this slowness of comprehension was because the brain-centers were not properly connected, how differently the child would be treated, and how carefully the teacher trained in psychology—and there should be no others—would guard the child from this very sense of its limitation! The article on "Child Language" referred to above tells us that if a child is allowed to develop naturally during the period when it is learning to walk, it will be found that its vocabulary does not increase. If all mothers understood this fact, how careful they would be not to strain the child's mind in trying to force it to understand, to remember, or to express itself during this critical period when all its energies are naturally bent toward learning the secret of equilibrium! We are just entering the field of child knowledge; just beginning to discover that forcing the brain of a child can result in as serious defects to its mind as forcing it to stand or walk before the bones can carry the weight of its body results in physical deformity. Nature may be forced, but the wisdom is almost infinite that does not in the forcing produce a monstrosity.

Growth is the law of life, of the eternal in man. Forcing represents man's desire to see results within a limit of his finite comprehension of life. There are two ways of working: one in harmony with nature, which recognizes four seasons; the other is of the nurseryman's type, which ignores seasons, and produces out of season that which pleases man for the moment, but only for the moment. Dealing with children is not dealing with plants, it is dealing with immortal souls. Who dares to say that this expression of God to man, a little child, shall be forced to fit man's idea of what he should be, rather than God's intention of what his expression should be?

Almost Overcome

The lack of emotional expression, due sometimes to reserve or a horror of gush, and often to the habit of repression—native, or acquired through growing up in a family in which the declaration of affection is not encouraged—has wrecked many married lives that would otherwise have been happy. There are doubtless many who will sympathize with the hero in the following story from the "Youth's Companion:"

"A man of New England descent and education had been married about a year, and was devotedly attached to his wife. His life without her had been a hard and solitary one, and in the sunshine she brought him his nature blossomed out into good deeds and gentle thought.

"'You are not as melancholy as you used to be,' said an old acquaintance to him not long ago.

"'Melancholy! I should say not!' he returned, with emphasis. 'How could anybody be sad with such a wife as I've got? Why, sometimes when I think what she's been to me, it's as much as I can do to keep from showing right out what I think of her!'"

Japanese silk handkerchiefs of small size make dainty sachet-bags.

A bill to provide for a more careful carrying out of the purposes of the act providing for the inspection of live stock and meats that are shipped from one State to another—passed March 3, 1891—was passed during the last days of the last session of Congress. The law of 1891 ordered the destruction of condemned meats in rendering-vats. It was found by the inspectors that this did not prevent their shipment. The later bill provides for the destruction of condemned cattle and meats in the presence of the inspector, in the place where they were found.

The following story from an exchange will be fully appreciated by many housekeepers:

A lady who happened to possess a graceful bronzed plaster statuette representing Goethe and Schiller standing side by side holding a laurel wreath between them was equally amused and dismayed one morning when her parlor-maid ran in, much agitated, exclaiming distressfully:

"Oh, ma'am, I'm so sorry, but when I was dusting them twins, Gothe and Skuller, me hand slipped, and I broke Skuller's nose short off!"

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James Barkerding, Knight

By Kate Dickinson Sweetser

In Three Parts—Part I.

Queen Barkerding was only a little girl, with the brightest of snapping black eyes and the curliest of black hair, and with a round, merry face, although she never felt the fresh air on it as other girls do, except when her brothers made a chair of their arms and carried her to the window or out on the fire-escape platform, but this was not often, for it hurt her back so badly.

Her real name was Emma Christine, but she had been called Queen for so long that every one but her mother had forgotten that she had another name.

It had come about in this way. One day, when she and several of the other girls were tired of all their old games, and were trying to think of a new one, an idea came to Emma Christine. Clapping her hands, she cried:

"I know, I know! Le's play I'm Queen, an' you be grand ladies, an' do 'xactly what I say!"

"An' play have lots of lovely clothes, an' parties, an' make bows to you, an' say, 'All hail, our Queen!'" added one of the girls who had been reading history.

"An' we'll get gold paper for a crown, and sing when we put it on, an' do things like they do in books," said another.

"My, won't it be fun!" cried Emma Christine, greatly excited. "That's why I never get up and go out like you do, 'cause, of course, a queen wouldn't be so silly. She'd just sit still and be bowed at."

"Of course," assented the girls; and from that small beginning of a game came the imaginary life with which Emma Christine and her playmates from that time surrounded themselves. The game soon became a second life to them, and the Queen a real crowned person, who knew her power and ruled them all, narrowly escaping being spoiled by the loyal obedience of her subjects.

The boys entered eagerly into the new game, and did everything that the Queen commanded; for, crowned or uncrowned, she was a great favorite, which made it much easier for them to take the vow of obedience, which was the one rule of the game.

From an old book the girls learned to call themselves ladies-in-waiting, and the boys became knights, adding Sir to their names; and in their search for manners and customs to make the game more perfect they learned, too, that as knights and ladies they were the Court of the Queen. So the game grew.

It is a fine thing to be a Queen—much nicer, of course, than to be just ordinary every-day persons, even though you cannot have quite as much liberty as they; and I am sure you will agree with me that Queen Barkerding was very fortunate, though her kingdom was only a ten-by-twelve room on the fourth floor of a Second Avenue tenement-house, her subjects were only her family and friends, and, while the ladies and knights all went to school and played out-of-doors, she was obliged to lie still.

Born in a small country town, Queen's first memories were of green grass and trees and sweet-smelling flowers, of smiles on her mother's face, and of merry frolics with her big-boy father. Then came the time when the father's voice was stilled and the mother neither sang nor smiled; and it was after this that they moved to New York, to the rooms on Second Avenue, that the mother might more easily find work by which to support her delicate little girl and the boys. Every day she went early to her place in the paper-flower store; and if the tenement had not been filled with respectable Germans, whose children she was not afraid to have Queen play with, the little lady might have been very lonesome in the long hours; for, besides going to school, Jim and Fred both sold papers, as did most of the Knights. But as it was, Queen was always surrounded by some of her Court, the Ladies taking turns in tidying up her kingdom and staying with her.

To the Ladies she was adviser, comforter, and friend; to the Knights she was conscience and manners as well as Queen, and many a knotty question in morals they brought to her to unravel, while in return she made them teach her reading, writing, and arithmetic as they learned them in school.

She was a merry little Majesty, as happy as the strongest of her subjects, and this was probably one of the secrets of her power. In all of her short life she had never been able to do as other children did, and it never entered her head to fret because she was unlike them. It was simply a matter of course that her back was not quite straight; why, she did not try to discover. It was to her a beautiful thing that she should be a Queen, with so many loving subjects; and, shut in as she was from outer life and scenes, she lived mainly in a dream-world peopled with gorgeously dressed royal persons whom she ruled. To be sure, the real ones were not elegantly dressed at all; indeed, some of them wore very much patched cast-off clothes; but that was where the magic of the game came in—it changed tinsel into gold, and patches into velvet and ermine.

It was the first of March, and a great event was near—the birthday of the Queen; and the Court was in a wild excitement. There was an air of secrecy about, which made Queen's black eyes snap with anger, for the Knights refused to pay any attention to her, for the first time; and the Ladies spent their time either whispering with heads together in the corner, or in exchanging glances and signs which she did not understand.

"It's some mean old trick you're goin' to play on me, I know," she said, indignantly, one day when the whole Court were together in her kingdom. "You can't fool me! Some day you'll be very, *very* sorry, 'cause if you don't look out I'll 'spell you all from Court, an' you can't ever come back again. Serve you right, too!"

Jim and Emil Bruger exchanged looks of alarm, for they were both of them barometers, going up or down as Queen smiled or frowned, and just then she looked like a small hurricane. But one of the other Knights, Fritz Arme, called out:

"Hi yi! Queenie's mad!
An' I'm glad!
An' I know what'll please her—"

"What?" interrupted Queen, frowning. "If you know, why don't you do it?"

Fritz made no answer, but nudged Jim, and whispered in his ear:

"Make her just boilin' mad. The madder she gets, the more s'prised she'll be."

The whole Court took up this idea, and the poor Queen's dignity was sorely tried for a time, but meanwhile preparations for the surprise were coming on finely. It was to be a birthday feast which would be dazzlingly elegant, and it was very hard to keep it from Queen, for her ears were keen and her eyes were all-seeing; but she did not suspect a thing until the day when Jim came up alone, sat down on the end of her bed, and said, trying to look indifferent:

"I say, Queen, s'posin' we'd have a bully big spread, like a real Court, you know, and all dress up swell, what'd you choose to eat? Just s'posin' we might get rich, you know—I don't mean we're ever goin' to—but if we did—"

Jim's face looked like a red-cheeked apple when he got through, for he feared that he had clumsily betrayed the secret.

Queen looked at him from under her long lashes, then shut her eyes with a sigh. "Wouldn't it be lovely?" she said. "I'd have ice-cream, of course. It's kind of queer for a Queen never to have ate any."

"'Tain't much good," said Jim. "Fritz had a swaller, an' he said 'twasn't only snow with colors on it. I'd enuff sight rather have gum an' peanuts." But Queen shook her head.

"There's nothing I want like cream," she said, "an' it seems as if it would be awful hard to wait till I get to heaven—I suppose they have it every day there."

Just then Fred's head was thrust in the door. "Come along, Jim," he said; "you're wanted."

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For the Little People

Waterproof Folk

I looked from my window,
And, dancing together,
I spied three queer people
Who love the wet weather.
The turtle, the frog, and the duck all joined hands
To caper so gayly upon the wet sands.

The turtle was coated
In shell, to defy
The pattering rain-drops,
And keep him quite dry.
The frog in green jacket was gay as could be.
"My coat will shed water—just see it!" said he.

The duck shook his web-feet
And ruffled his feathers;
Cried he, "Rain won't hurt me!
I'm dressed for all weathers.
And when I can see the clouds frown in the sky,
I oil my gray feathers and keep very dry!"

—*St. Nicholas.*

Their Nutting Party

By Kate A. Peters

One bright afternoon in early October Tom found an empty grape-basket on the back porch.

"Come, Flossie," said he, "let's go nutting."

"What's that?" asked the little girl, for she lived in the city.

"Why, you take baskets and go out, and some one climbs a tree and shakes it, and that makes the nuts fall down, and you pick them up and put them into your basket and bring them home. There are some splendid big trees down in Paxson's garden; let's go there."

So off they started, hand in hand, Tom swinging the basket. Mr. Paxson was standing on his porch.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Paxson," said Tom. "Can Flossie and me have a nutting party here in your garden?"

"Good-afternoon, Tom; good-afternoon, Miss Flossie. So this is your little cousin from the city?" answered the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, this is Flossie, and she has never been to a nutting party in all her life, so I want to take her to one, and I think that I could climb that tree," pointing to a Norway spruce.

"But these are all oak and maple trees and evergreens, Tom."

"Yes, sir, and they're the prettiest in town, and it's the nicest garden, too. Isn't it nice, Flossie?"

"Beautiful—as nice as a park," answered the little city girl.

"Bless your souls!" began Mr. Paxson, and then he stopped and thought for a moment. "See here, Tom, you are only about seven years old."

"No, he's six," interrupted Flossie, gravely; "for I'm past five, and he is only a year older than me."

"Is that so? Well, you see, Tom, although you are pretty big for your age, I had better let Sam climb the tree for you; but I want him to go a little errand for me first, and then he and I will both come to the nutting party. So you and Flossie just come right along into the sitting-room and see Grandma Paxson a while. She will be glad to see you, I know she will. Here, mother," he continued, opening the door, "here is Tom Woolston. He has brought his little cousin Flossie, from the city, over to have a nutting party on our lawn. Will you take care of them a little while, until Sam and I have got things all ready," and he nodded and smiled to the pleasant old white-haired lady, who smiled, too, as he went on: "I suppose that you can find some nice red apples and ginger cookies to amuse them with."

"Indeed I can," she answered, getting up from her big rocking-chair.

So she told them to sit down on the sofa, and then she brought them a big plate full of shining red apples and nice ginger cookies. Before the plate was even half empty, Mr. Paxson opened the door and called, "All aboard for the nutting party!"

"I am coming too!" said Grandmother Paxson. "I have not been to a nutting party for many a long year, but I know that I will enjoy this one."

So she put on her shawl and found another grape-basket for Flossie to have for her very own, and they all went out into the garden together.

Sam, the colored boy who took care of the horses, stood there under a fine spreading oak-tree, smiling as a May morning, with his pockets all stuffed and bulging out, and a seed-bag thrown over his shoulder.

"I think that this will be the best tree," said Mr. Paxson, pointing to the oak, "for then grandmother won't have to walk so far. Put yourself up there, Sam!"

"My, but he's a daisy climber!" said Tom, as Sam, perching himself in the first crotch, began to shake the tree and call out, "Look out for the nuts!"

Sure enough, as he shook the branch, a handful of nuts fell into the grass.

"Here's more!" shouted Sam, with another shake.

How they all ran around and laughed and shouted, "Oh my!" and picked up the big glossy brown chestnuts!

Mr. Paxson put all he picked up into Tom's basket, and Grandmother Paxson dropped hers into Flossie's basket, and what a lot of nuts there were, to be sure! At last Sam called out, "They'se all shook down, suh!"

"Well, then, you come down, too," answered Mr. Paxson.

"Have some of my nuts, Sam; I've got the most!" said Tom.

"No, thankee, Tom, I'se got a lot in the house."

"Shall we put them all into one basket?" asked Mr. Paxson.

"Oh, no," answered Flossie. "Let us each keep our own, please. I never went to a nutting party before."

"I never went to such a nice one," said Tom; "it's the most splendid one in the world."

"The most splendid one in the world!" repeated Flossie.

"But we'd better hurry home now," continued Tom, "for Aunt Florence might worry about Flossie."

So, after many pleasant good-bys, the little nutters walked slowly home carrying their precious burden of nuts.

"Where have you children been all this while?" asked Aunt Florence, as they came into the sitting-room.

"We've been nutting," answered Tom, proudly. "Just see what a lot we got!"

"Where did you go?" asked his big brother Rodman.

"Down in Mr. Paxson's garden."

"In Mr. Paxson's garden!" repeated Rodman. "Why, he hasn't any nut-trees there!"

"Yes, he has! Sam climbed up that nice big shady tree near the porch, and shook it, and all these nuts came down on the grass, and Mr. Paxson and Grandmother Paxson helped us pick them up," answered Tom.

"And Grandmother gave us ginger cakes and nice red apples," said Flossie.

"Hello, Tom! these nuts are roasted!" exclaimed Rodman, picking up a handful from Tom's basket.

"Well, that's the kind that grow on Mr. Paxson's trees, I s'pose," answered Tom; "and I think they're the nicest, anyhow."

"So do I," chimed in Flossie. "I think they're the nicest, too."

"But roasted nuts don't grow on any kind of trees," persisted Rodman. "I guess Sam took them up first and threw them down afterwards."

"That was probably the way," said Aunt Florence, kindly, "and I think that Mr. Paxson was very kind to take so much trouble to please the children; and now please don't spoil all their pleasure, Rodman, for it has been such a nice nutting party for them."

"I don't care, anyhow!" spoke up Tom, with a very red face. "It was the nicest nutting party in the world, and Mr. Paxson is the nicest man in the world, and these are the nicest nuts!"

"I think so, too, just that way," said Flossie, "and I'm going to ask Mr. Paxson to have another nutting party when I come here at Christmas."

"And I hope that you will let me come, too," said her mother.

"Oh yes, we will!" they both replied, heartily; and then the bell rang for supper.

Guess?

"Now tell,"
Cried Nell.
"Sometimes it's big—sometimes it's small.
It has two hands and no feet at all.
But still,"
Said Nell,
"Though it doesn't run up, it *does* run down.
Its face is always healthy and round,
And it talks very prim and very precise.
When I am good it says, *so* nice,
'Pretty—well!
Little—Nell.'

"But if I'm naughty, oh deary me!
Its voice is as solemn as it can be!
Solemn and sorry and dreadfully clear,
And the more I don't listen, the more I hear
'Do's you'd—oughter,
Lit-tle—daughter.'

"Can't you guess it, you funny folks?
Something that runs but never walks?
Well, well!"
Cried Nell,
"If you can't imagine, I'll have to 'splain,
And I won't make such a *hard* riddle again.
You must have a key before it will talk.
Turn the key—and there's a ——?"

—*Youth's Companion.*

Practicing

I.

Ten little troublesome fingers,
Ten little finger-nails—
Pattering on the piano,
Scattering over the scales,
Clicking and clacking and clattering,
Each in the other one's way—
What trying and sighing and crying
To teach little children to play!

II.

To play? I call it *working*,
When ten little fingers like mine
Are bumping and clumping and thumping,
And never will fall into line.
They fumble and tumble and stumble,
They trip and they skip and they hop,
And just when the music is gayest
They come to an obstinate stop.

III.

Do you think that mamma's pretty fingers
That sparkle and dance on the keys
While the music is rippling below them,
Were ever as clumsy as these?
I would work—I would patiently practice,
How patiently!—day after day,
If I thought that my practice and patience
Would end in such beautiful play.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Cambric Tea

My mamma says that cambric tea
Is good for little girls like me.
She makes it very white and thin
Instead of putting cambric in.
It really is a d'licious drink,
And doesn't taste as you would think.

—*Youth's Companion.*

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The Life of Christ

XVII.—Signs of His Messiahship[1]

By Lyman Abbott

There are three ways in which we may approach the miraculous events recorded in the New Testament. We may assume, with Robert Elsmere, that "miracles do not happen." In that case we of course dismiss these events altogether from the narrative, or endeavor to account for them by some naturalistic interpretation, as by supposing that, under the influence of Christ's teaching of the five thousand, those who had provisions gave to those who had none, and so all were supplied. Or we may say, with Huxley and Renan, that the question whether these events really took place is a question to be determined by historical evidence, but that, the events being extraordinary, the evidence must also be extraordinary. We may then proceed to examine that evidence, leaving our decision as to Christ's character and his claims upon us to be determined by that examination. This may be called, perhaps, the scientific method—scientific, though not really philosophical, since it leaves out of view the most important factor, namely, the character of Jesus Christ himself. If Christian believers generally pursued this method, I am inclined to think that they would reach Mr. Huxley's conclusion respecting the miracles—the Scotch verdict, "not proven." It is true that the historical evidence is so clear and cogent that it would be quite convincing as to any ordinary events; but these events are so extraordinary that a scientist who considers the evidence without taking account of the extraordinary character of Jesus Christ and the revelation he professed to bring to man, might well doubt whether the historical evidence established the remarkable phenomena. There is a third, and I believe a much more rational, method of approaching this question. Let me try to state it.

The student pursuing this method opens his New Testament and reads the four Gospels. What first and most impresses him in this story is, not the remarkable incidents known as miracles, but the remarkable man concerning whom this story is told. It is clearly no fancy portrait. The evidence of its historical reality, which I cannot go into here, is such as to satisfy the most incredulous that Jesus Christ lived, and that he was such a man and lived such a life as is here portrayed. Nor is the portrait idealized. It is clear that these Galilean peasants were alike incapable of inventing or of embellishing the story. There are, on the contrary, considerable indications that they failed to understand their Master, and have marred, not improved, the picture by their treatment of it. The student then begins to study this unique life and character. He finds that this Jesus Christ was himself the central object of his teaching. Whatever theory the student may form as to the inherent nature of this remarkable man and his relation to the Eternal Father, he cannot doubt that Jesus claimed to come from the Father, to be the Father's well-beloved Son, to have come into the world to manifest the Father, and to bring to sinful men a revelation of the Father's love and gracious help. Is it possibly true that the great Unknown has revealed himself to men in this one unique human life? that Jesus Christ is not only a revealer of truth by his words, but a revelation of a Person by his life? The more the student studies this character the more he believes in an affirmative answer to this question. He at last assumes it, as at least a hypothetical answer. He forms, let us say, the hypothesis that God, whom philosophy and much of religion have regarded as the Unknown, if not the Unknowable, has manifested himself to men in his works and in the noble deeds and inspired thoughts of the great and good of all ages, and in the aspirations, coming we know not whence, in our own souls in their highest experiences, and has also revealed himself pre-eminently in this Jesus of Nazareth; that the hope of the world for such a revelation, itself the impulse of all true worship, which is a seeking after God, has its fulfillment in this Jesus of Nazareth; that, in a word, he is the Christ. With this hypothetical faith he re-reads the Gospels again. The miracles, upon this hypothesis, no longer seem extraordinary to him. It would rather be extraordinary if there were none. It does not seem strange to him that from such a man power should scintillate in forms of manifestation not without remote resemblances in manifestations of power by other sons of God, but unparalleled in the history of mankind, as this Man is unparalleled among the sons of men.

Still further pursuing this train of thought, he asks himself, What is a miracle? Discarding all theological and modern definitions, he goes to the Gospels themselves to see what miracles, as there recorded, are. He finds four words used to designate them; namely, Works, Wonders, Powers, and Signs—the latter being the translation of the word sometimes transliterated miracle. A miracle, then, is a *work* generally of beneficence, calculated to arouse *wonder* in the beholder, manifesting *power* more than human, and serving as a *sign* of divine authority. If there was such a man as Jesus Christ, if he was a unique revelation of God, if he came to bring to sinful men a message and a ministry of forgiveness and of cure, how could it be that there should not be miracles, thus defined? how possible that he should not do *works* of love, *wonders* to that age and to all ages, manifesting the *power* which resided in him, and serving to all men as a *sign* that he was what he claimed to be?

Dropping for a moment the impersonal form and expressing my own faith: I believe in the miracles because I believe in Jesus Christ, not in Jesus Christ because I believe in the miracles. The foundation of my faith in the Gospels is not the works He did, but He Himself; and I believe the works because I can believe anything good and great of Him. In short, accepting His own alternative, I believe that He was in the Father and the Father in Him: I do not believe Him merely for the works' sake.

Let me, then, ask the reader for a moment to try to take this point of view. Let him accept, simply as an working hypothesis, this Christian faith, that "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself," that the Unknown is Love, and that this Unknown, infinite in love, has come to earth that in a human life he might manifest that love to men, and lift them out of themselves, and bring them to the Father. If the reader once accepts this hypothesis, does it seem impossible to him that such an One should manifest his power in works of love that awaken the wonder of his friends; that he should still the tempest, should quiet, calm, cure the lunatic; should conquer disease, should even open the gates of death and call back the dead to life again? If he was the Son of God, if he had a message worthy of such an authentication, why should we think it impossible that the needed authentication should be given?

For the message needed authentication. Consider the two great burdens which the world of men had long borne, and from which they could get relief only by an authenticated revelation.

Long had the world stood before death appalled and sorrow-stricken. In vain it had endeavored to look beyond the sod—it could see nothing. Its noblest prophets and noblest apostles could tell it nothing. There was a vague hope of some future life—nothing more. Even Socrates, noblest philosopher of Greece, could offer to his disciples, as they gathered at his dying bed, no better comfort than the direction, "Go, search Greece for a charmer; it is a wide world; and perhaps somewhere you will find some one who will give you comfort and consolation." And the other burden was even greater and harder to be borne—the sense of an irreparable past, the sense of an evil done that could not be undone, the sense of a great gap between the soul and God that could not be bridged. In the temples of pagan religions everywhere you find the same cry of men—that cry which comes to us from India in her song: "O Varuna, have mercy! O Varuna, have mercy!" And no answer from Varuna; no song of triumph from the temple. For the history of paganism has been always the same—humanity floundering in the

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 18. The International Sunday-School Course has no corresponding lesson. Mark iv., 35—v., 43; Matt. ix., 27-34.

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slough of despond, with never a song on its lips and never a gleam of hope on its brow.

Now there comes to the world One who says, "I can answer your problems. I can tell you what there is after death: a land of glory and an angel throng. I can tell you whether God will have mercy on you: he is a forgiving Father." This messenger does not tell us what he *thinks*, nor what he *hopes*. He brings his message, so he says, from the heavens. He knows that there is a glory beyond the grave. He knows that there is a hand of God outstretched to lift this burden on our back that is sinking us in this slough of despond.

It is not enough for us to have the intuition of a poet guessing that there is a hope beyond the grave when we stand before the grave in which our best beloved lies. It is not enough for us to have a Jewish poet guessing that there is a mercy in the great Father when we are bowed down beneath the burden of an irreparable past, and know not what God can or will do for us. We need an assurance that will speak to us of life and hope. And this Messenger, that brings this word out of the unknown, brings an authentication of his divine authority. He comes clad with a power that shows itself despite him. The mob parts before him, awed by the majesty of his presence; the very hem of his garment heals. He works no wonders merely to stir men's admiration; but power flashes from him as electric sparks from the Leyden jar.

Whether a prophet eighteen centuries ago stilled a tempest, cured a lunatic, raised a widow's son, are not in themselves important questions; but it is transcendently important that we should know that in these Lessons we are studying the life of one surcharged with divinity and bringing to us and to all the world an authoritative revelation of pardon and of hope.

The Religious World

David Swing

One of the most eminent preachers in the United States for many years was undoubtedly Professor David Swing, of Chicago, who died at his home in that city on the evening of October 3. Professor Swing was born August 23, 1830, having been, therefore, at the time of his death sixty-four years of age. He was pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chicago when he came into National prominence by the charges made against him by Professor Patton, then of the McCormick Theological Seminary, and now President of Princeton College. The charges of heresy brought against him contained twenty-eight specifications of lapses from Presbyterian doctrine. They were not sustained, the votes of the Presbytery, as we remember it, being sixty-one in favor of Dr. Swing and thirteen against him. But the matter was not allowed to drop there, and, in order to stop further controversy, Professor Swing resigned his pastorate, going with a large number of his friends to Central Music Hall, where he formed a church—if there was any formal church—which has continued from that day to the present, and where he has been one of the most positive religious forces in the city and country. Professor Swing was essentially a scholar. He was not an orator; he read his sermons closely, and they were always written with the utmost care. He had none of the graces of oratory, but there was a nameless something in his manner, a force and elegance in his writing, a certain *humanity*, if we may so use the word, in his preaching, which won and held the attention of vast congregations. At different times there have been suggestions of his return to the Presbyterian fold, but, so far as we know, they have never been approved by him. He had published several volumes of sermons, all of which are evangelical in spirit, practical in their object, and possessed of a fine literary quality. He had no liking for ecclesiasticism; he was a hater of unnecessary forms and a lover of simplicity and of righteousness. The name of David Swing must always be given a high place in any list of the foremost preachers of this country during the last quarter of the present century. What will be the future of the great church to which he has ministered we do not know. Some man of like spirit will probably be found to carry on this most important work.

Union Theological Seminary

Union Theological Seminary opened its new year on Thursday afternoon, September 27. A large audience was present to hear the opening address of Dr. Briggs, whose subject on this occasion was "The Messiah of the Gospels." On the platform and in the audience were many prominent men—among them Dr. Charles Butler, President of the Board of Trustees; Dr. T. S. Hamlin, of Washington; John Crosby Brown, of New York; President Hastings, and others. The address of Dr. Briggs was in his best vein. The "Evangelist," in commenting on it, says: "There was no word of reference to the questions which have been agitating the Church. For all that was said or implied in the address a stranger might have supposed himself to be listening to one whom the Church delighted to honor, instead of one who had been declared by the highest tribunal to be unfit for the work of preaching the Gospel." "In clear, crisp sentences the great ideals of the Old Testament prophecy—the day of the Lord, the divine advent as Father, Husband, and Shepherd, the Holy Land, the Messianic King, the kingdom of God, the holy priesthood, the ideal Man, the victory over evil, the Faithful Prophet, the New Covenant—were one by one discussed. The speaker showed how these ideals were taken up into the teaching of Jesus; how some features, such as the divine advent, the ideal Man, the Faithful Prophet, were fulfilled in his earthly life; how others, such as the kingdom of God, are to-day in course of fulfillment; while for still others, such as the day of the Lord, we are pointed forward by Jesus himself to that Second Advent, when all men shall be judged by their works, and the kingdom of glory be ushered in." The address is published in full in the "Evangelist." We are glad to be able to report that there is no falling off in the number of students at Union, while the quality of the men is quite as high as ever before, if not higher. The proportion of Presbyterians is significantly large, showing that the agitation in that Church has not seriously affected those who are studying for the ministry. The outlook before the Seminary was never more encouraging.

A Query

As we read the address of Professor Briggs, to which we have just referred, it is impossible not to raise the question, What constitutes heresy? That noble address closes with the passage which we quote below. It seems preposterous to think of the possibility of a man with such a faith being suspended from his duties as a Christian minister. It raises the question whether the spirit that could find in him anything essentially heretical is not itself a greater heresy than is charged against the Professor. We advise our readers to observe with care the following passage which closes the address:

> The cross, stained with the blood-drops of our Redeemer, is the most sacred symbol of our holy religion. Let it crown all our churches! Let it lead all our processions! Let it be worn on the hearts of all Christian people! But it is precious, not because it points downward to death and the grave, but because it ever points upward to the living Christ, who was lifted on that cross in order to be lifted thereby higher to his heavenly throne, to reign there as the one Mediator between God and man, whose pierced hands and feet and side—the scars of that cross—are the eternal pledges of his victory over the law of sin and death, and of the justification, sanctification, and glorification which he has won for our race, and which he is graciously bestowing upon his kingdom.

Conscience in Chicago

Last week we printed a paragraph entitled "Conscience in Cleveland;" this week we call attention to a great movement in behalf of good order and pure life in Chicago. Mr. W. T. Stead, in his book, "If Christ Came to Chicago," has a striking chapter on "Gambling." Indeed, that book of Mr. Stead's is a far more calm and earnest study of the condition of

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things in the great Western city than many may have imagined. Not long ago the writer heard an eminent and conservative English Lord speak of it in the very highest terms. Just before, an American Presbyterian divine of decidedly conservative tendencies had spoken of it derisively; but when, a few days afterward, he had read it, he withdrew his former statements and said it was a strong and earnest book. Partially as an outgrowth of the civic movement started during Mr. Stead's visit in Chicago has risen the agitation against gambling and other forms of immorality. The leader in this work is a young Presbyterian minister, the Rev. William G. Clarke, a man only thirty-three years of age. He has worked with peculiar wisdom, invincible pluck, and tireless patience. The government of the city was practically in the hands of gamblers, who controlled the police, and the outlook was anything but encouraging. Mr. Clarke employed four lawyers, each of whom was ignorant that the others had been retained. He then brought the influence of personal friends to bear upon the Mayor. Evidence was collected in many ways, and strong indictments were prepared. It was then arranged that on a special day sermons should be preached from all the Chicago pulpits. The city was for the time cleared of the gamblers—"a thing which it has been asserted for the last twenty years could not be done. The city government and the politicians were stampeded. They dared not withstand the tide of public sentiment which was rising in fury." Mr. Clarke is described as a quiet, scholarly man, giving no sign of the remarkable energy, wisdom, and courage which he has displayed in this campaign. In almost every great city in the Union the good fight against municipal and social corruption is going on, and ministers are everywhere in the lead. The old talk about Christianity being for another world rather than the present, and of Christians being the most impractical of men, sounds strange to those who know the kind of work in which most of the churches and their leaders are engaged.

Methodism in New York

The September number of the "Christian City" contains some valuable statistics concerning the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the region below Fourteenth Street, New York. They are as follows:

1. Methodism sustained in that section in 1870 twenty churches and missions, in 1880, nineteen churches and missions. It has at this date twenty churches and missions.

There has been in a quarter of a century no diminution in the number of the denomination's enterprises.

2. While there have been a few adjustments of property by transfer, consolidation, or removal within the territory, as far as we can ascertain, not one dime's value of investment has been taken away from the region in question during the past twenty-five years.

3. For pastoral support the amount paid was in 1883-4 (in round numbers), $38,000; in 1893-4, $45,000. The current expenses (excluding payments on property, etc.) were in the former year about $30,000; in the latter almost precisely the same amount. In a word, there has been no decrease in the annual current expenditures for general purposes, and an actual increase of $7,000, or nearly twenty per cent., in the support of pastors.

4. Ten years ago there were nineteen pastors, and perhaps ten or twelve employed or appointed lay workers. There are now twenty-two pastors, and at least twenty-eight such lay workers. That is, there are now fifty employed workers in the field as against thirty a decade ago.

5. Of the direct appropriations made by the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society to its work, which covers the entire city, considerably more than one-half is devoted to the work below Fourteenth Street; the actual amount is greater than ever before, and the ratio to that given to other work ncreases year by year.

We are glad to see this report. It is encouraging, and shows that at least one of our denominations is not deserting the down-town districts. We do not think it shows that even that body is devoting proportionate attention to the most neglected region, but it does prove beyond a question that it is not deserting the field, but, on the other hand, is steadily increasing its forces in the district.

The Position of Père Hyacinthe

It having been reported by certain French papers that Père Hyacinthe was contemplating a return to the Roman Church, and certain contradictory statements having appeared in other papers concerning his relation toward the Old Catholics of Holland, some one, whom we take to be an American, secured from Père Hyacinthe an utterance concerning his position, which is published in the "Independent" of October 4. That article makes very plain the fact that he has no intention of returning to the Church of Rome. It contains many friendly expressions of opinion for all that is good in that venerable communion. He says: "It is very certain that I have not, and never had, the faintest temptation to submit to the Roman yoke again. But, with the prophet Mohammed, who enjoined upon his disciples to 'seek truth and accept it, even if it came from China,' I can not only accept but rejoice when I find indications of light in the darkness from which I have escaped." The great preacher finds many signs of encouragement in the evident though slow progress which the Church in the United States is making under the leadership of such men as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, and says: "Nor am I afraid to say that, if such men can be multiplied and such courage augmented, there will be more hope for reform in the Roman Church than in the sects outside which glory in their sectarianism." Concerning the state of religion in France he writes words which are well worth quoting: "As for France, her heart is neither with clericalism nor with sectarianism; and the more I go through the country the more I am convinced of this. Nor is France an impiotis people. And those foreigners who, for lack of observation or insight, go about proclaiming us such, are guilty of gross ignorance or calumny." After speaking of the evils of sectarianism and a divided Christendom, a condition of things which many of our most eminent Christian leaders seem to think desirable instead of hateful, Père Hyacinthe declares himself as follows (some may call him extravagant; we think him moderate and true): "In my observation, by study and by personal communication, I find more simplicity and also more grandeur in some of the other great religions, such as Islam and that of Confucius, than in the hideous caricatures which are given to the world in the name of God and His Divine Son." Père Hyacinthe has lost none of his force as the years have advanced, and now, as for the past quarter of a century, is one of the most vital religious forces in his native country. In the article from which we have quoted he tells why he never consented to be made a Bishop: "I refused then [in the Old Catholic Church], as I had refused in the Roman Church, and for the same reason —that I believe I have a vocation as a preacher and not as a Bishop." We commend that statement to the ambitious in certain of our Protestant Churches in America.

A Remarkable Conversion

The "Christian Patriot" is a newspaper published at Madras in the English language. The issue under the date of August 23, 1894, contains an account of the conversion of Mr. Ramanujam Chetty, M.A., B.L. He is a graduate of the University of Madras, and a trained lawyer. The paper contains his own account of his conversion. He was born in a family of affluent circumstances, and his position is unquestionable. He graduated without having become a Christian, although he was interested in the study of Christian books. He says: "Till recently, although I had the highest reverence for Christ, yet I was not a believer in his divinity. I thought of facing the question seriously if I survived my father, for I had a great desire not to cause a shock to him." What led Mr. Ramanujam to a thorough consideration of the claims of Christianity was the visit of Mrs. Annie Besant to India, and the reading of the speeches of Swami Vivekananda at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago. After he had thoroughly studied the subject he became convinced of "the hollowness of their assertions," and then turned to a study of the truths of Christianity, with the result that he has come unqualifiedly to accept Christ. The Madras paper from which we have quoted says: "The misguided folks in America who think that Hinduism, after all, must be a superior kind of religion because Swami Vivekananda has chosen to read into that dead system the living truths of Christianity should not lose sight of the practical effect of such pretentious assertions." This is an exceedingly interesting conversion, because it is the result of the effect upon an educated and thoughtful Hindu made by the comparison of his own hereditary faith with Christianity; and he was forced to make the comparison, not by missionaries, but by those who professed to speak with authority for the Hindu faith. Perhaps Mr. Vivekananda will get time, in some of his addresses in this country, to attempt to explain away this remarkable conversion; but, fortunately, the facts are unquestionable.

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Books and Authors

A Historical Reference-Book [1]

Mr. Larned, of the Buffalo Library, has undertaken an ambitious work in the attempt that he has made in the volumes before us to systematize history after the fashion of the encyclopædist, or, as he himself expresses it, "to organize all available historical literature into a system of history for general use." The plan is at first sight somewhat appalling, and one instinctively wonders whether history can thus be chained and encompassed without destroying its life and organic character. An examination, however, soon shows that, conceding the necessity of such a work, the plan has been exceedingly well executed. What is here given is not history—human development cannot be cut up and arranged after the idea of a card catalogue—but is rather a kind of historical concordance by means of which it becomes possible to look up the essential data of a historical event in much the same way as one looks up a word in a dictionary. So far, one sees the handiwork of a skillful librarian. But even ingenious machinery will go for naught if the material with which it works be imperfect. In this case the material is for the most part good; the text is almost entirely made up of quotations from well-known historical literature in the English language. As one readily sees, Mr. Larned's idea is to bring to the reader's shelves what practically amounts to a library of five thousand volumes.

The result from one point of view is open to criticism. Many phases of history, as, for example, Feudalism, the Crusades, etc., and histories of whole countries, such as those of Spain, Sweden, and Italy, are inadequately represented by works in English, and they cannot be justly appreciated without a knowledge of French, German, and Italian writings. Mr. Larned's authorities contain many statements and conclusions not acceptable to modern historical scholars, as in the matter of the Edict of Kiersey, Peter the Hermit, the Rise of the University, the Kulturkampf, etc. The plan of the work, however, makes impossible quotations from foreign authorities. Even in English and American history there is room for improvement; for under "Education" Giles is quoted for Alfred the Great, and, furthermore, in quoting Johnston and Fiske on Connecticut, Mr. Larned has repeated theories and statements repudiated by every well-informed Connecticut historical scholar. Then, too, there is a risk in citing unsigned articles from the "Nation," the "Athenæum," the New York "Tribune," etc.

But the occasional use of an inferior writer was doubtless in many cases unavoidable. It is but fair to Mr. Larned to infer that he desired to avoid any approach to literary piracy, and as the permission that he received from authors and publishers must have been qualified, it is probable that he has done the best he could do under the circumstances. A work made in this way, of borrowed material, could not be made honestly without spreading the indebtedness pretty widely. We cannot so easily excuse the "Logical Outlines," graphic schemes in various colors that give the social and political, physical and material, ethnological, and other phases of a country's history. Their brevity and elementary character make them of no use whatever, and they are out of place beside the dignified text. The maps, however, are admirable. The superficiality of Labberton, the limitations of Putzger, the difficulties of access to Droysen, Spruner, and the new French historical atlas, make Mr. Reiley's maps a contribution of real merit. The chronological tables are useful, and the text of some fifteen constitutions, from the constitution of the Argentine Republic to that of Venezuela, will frequently be consulted. On the whole, Mr. Larned, who has evidently spent many years upon his task, may take pride in a work both useful and scholarly.

[1] *History for Ready Reference.* From the best Historians, Biographers, and Specialists; their own words in a Complete System of History for all Countries and Subjects, and representing for both Readers and Students the Better and Newer Literature of History in the English Language. By J. N. Larned. With numerous Historical Maps from Original Studies and Drawings by Alan C. Reiley. In 5 Vols. Vol. I., A—Elba; Vol. II., Eldorado—Greaves. The C. A. Nichols Company, Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Lang on Ghosts [1]

The subject of ghosts is more deeply serious than many stop to consider. There is a religious bearing of the question which may affect the fundamental faith in the superhuman. Mr. Lang appears to think that the superstition that believes in phantasms of the dead or of the living is purely a survival from the animistic stage of human culture; but Mr. Lang, at the close of his book, admits that much is left to be explained. He objects to speaking of ghosts as evidences of the supernatural, for that begs the question. Why are not ghosts natural? Very well, then, let us say that ghosts are abnormal. Then the Theosophists come in with their doctrine of the astral body, which is perfectly normal. The Spiritualists also materialize their spirits; and the hypnotists, it may seem, make us think that we see ghosts even if it is "all in our eye."

Mr. Lang quite properly asks some pertinent questions about ghosts, and we will ask them also, with questions of our own. Why do spirits pass through iron plates and stone walls, and yet make a noise walking and rustling their garments? Why do ghosts wear clothes, ride in a "phantom 'rickshaw," or a ghost coach and four, or, as in a recent "Cosmopolitan," why are there ghosts of lifts and elevators? The Theosophists have an answer for this, and so has Mr. Sully in his theory of illusions. But the Society for Psychical Research and Mr. Lang and we are not satisfied with the answer. Ghosts habitually wear the clothes of the period when their portraits were taken. Whether the clothes have been burned or are still in existence, it is difficult to understand how ghosts get possession of them and don them. How do spirits answer the call of two or three mediums at once? Mr. Lang does not consider this, nor do we find that he seriously tries to frame a theory of the nature of ghosts. Are ghosts souls, or spirits, or demons, or astral bodies, or hallucinations? A thoughtful and a scientific person will hesitate before giving a decisive answer.

Why is it that when spirits write they subtract nothing from our ignorance of existence beyond the veil? Would any of us find the prospect pleasing to be liable after death to answer the call of any or many vulgar, low, and trifling mediums, to talk nonsense to a circle of people we would never associate with in life?

Nevertheless, the difficulty remains, how can all the cases of spiritual apparitions be either illusions, or frauds, or hallucinations? and how can the universal belief in ghosts be accounted for if there be absolutely no reality lying behind the credence? All this momentous question afflicts Mr. Lang, who, with all his playfulness of style, still preserves the scientific temper. The main tenor of the work is critical and destructive; but, as Mr. Lang says, "if there be one spark of real fire to all this smoke, then the purely materialistic theories of life and of the world must be reconsidered," and thus he leaves us to suspect that he believes there is perhaps a spark of reality. We have not yet got far enough in our study of psychic phenomena to investigate spiritism, theosophy, or Hindu fakirs. Even the North American Indian medicine-man can puzzle Mr. Huxley and Mr. James Sully. Sleight-of-hand explains much, but not everything. Meanwhile it is best to reserve decision about ghosts.

Sources of the Constitution of the United States. By C. Ellis Stevens, LL.D., D.C.L. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) This volume owes its strength as well as its unity to the clearness with which it brings out the truth compactly stated by Mr. Bryce when he said, "The American Constitution is no exception to the rule that everything which has power to win the obedience and respect of men must have its roots deep in the past." It shows that the establishment of a republican form of government in this country was not a break with the past of the English race, but simply a carrying forward of the political development which had been going on in England since the granting of the *Magna Charta.* Even the struggle for independence, Dr. Ellis points out, was a contest for the rights of the colonists

[1] *Cock Lane and Common Sense.* By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

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as Englishmen. No such contest would have been possible had the political traditions of the colonists been those of any other European country than England. Two of the American commonwealths did not so much as change their constitutions upon the declaration or even upon the establishment of independence. Connecticut continued under its royal charter until 1818, and Rhode Island until 1842. In no commonwealth was there any abolition of the common law of England. Even the French influences for which Jefferson's party seemed to stand, and of which so much has been said, were largely English influences; for the French writer who most influenced the thought of American lawyers and American lawgivers, Montesquieu, was the great Continental champion of English political ideas. Dr. Stevens's volume, bringing into the clear light of history the strength of English influences in the formation of American political institutions, is a most welcome contribution to our historical literature. There is nothing so lamentable in the way in which American history is taught in our schools as the prejudice against England fostered by most of the text-books in use, and by most of the teachers using them. The only ground for glorying in American political institutions is that they develop the principles of liberty and justice for which England has for centuries stood as the most powerful European exponent.

Johann Evangelist George Lutz was a Bavarian priest of the Roman Catholic Church, who was born in 1801 and died in 1882. In early youth he showed a deeply devout disposition, and throughout life was distinctly evangelical in his ministrations. Sent to a wretched parish, he caused a great revival of religious life, and his people became enthusiastically attached to him. Later, under the influence of William Caird, a Scotchman, he imbibed the teachings of Edward Irving, and disseminated them. For this he was deprived of his living. After attempting in vain to form an Irvingite congregation, he entered the Protestant Church, but he did not long remain. The outspoken rationalism of some of the pastors frightened him, and he returned to the Roman communion. The authorities of the Roman Church appear to have been extremely forbearing in this instance. Lutz was again given a parish and his eccentricities condoned. The whole of this curious history has been told by L. W. Scholler, translated into English by W. Wallis, and published by Longmans, Green & Co., of New York. It throws an unusual light upon the religious thought of Germany in the early part of the present century, and suggests some fruitful reflections on the comprehensiveness of the Roman Catholic Church on the Continent. They who are interested in this remarkable biography will find it told in *A Chapter of Church History from South Germany*. So judicial is the attitude of the author that it is difficult to say whether he is a Romanist or a Lutheran. It appears that he is an extremely Broad Church Romanist, while the translator seems to be an Irvingite.

The history of the English versions of the Bible has been told many times and by competent scholars. Yet there may, for some reasons, be room for a new book on the subject: therefore we have from Charles H. Banes, of Philadelphia, *The History of the English Bible*, by T. Harwood Pattison, Professor in the Rochester Theological Seminary. In Professor Pattison's book we find nothing distinctly novel; his narrative is a sober rehearsal of the well-known annals. Considerable stress is rightly laid upon the influence of the English Version upon the literature and life of the Saxon race. There is an account of the revision and a chapter on the course of development which led up to it. "No doubt the Revised Version appeared at the most favorable time for the claim of textual accuracy, but it appeared also in an evil time for the claims of good English."

Christian sociologists will be glad to know of Mr. F. Herbert Stead's Bible-class primer, *The Kingdom of God: A Plan of Study in Three Parts*. It is excellent in plan and in execution. The Scriptures are looked at on their social side and new light thrown upon many passages. The nature of the Old and New Testaments takes a new shape and meaning. New questions arise and new co-ordinations are suggested. We cannot speak too sympathetically of the contents of this little book. It is what we believe is much needed. Were it larger we should be better pleased. There are many points of social and economic bearing in both the Old and New Covenants that we would desire to have made strong and emphatic. However, for its purpose the book is no doubt large enough and holds enough material for the study of a Bible-class.

In Maiden Meditation, by E. V. A. (A. C. McClurg, Chicago), rouses the question, Why was it written? Certainly the maiden who, "After the Ball," or "After the Dinner," or "After Church," and three or four other "Afters" in the book, would sit down and struggle to think as this book would have us believe this maiden thought, would increase the income of the family physician.

Autumn Books

We select from a long list of announcements by the leading publishers the most important publications of this autumn:

American Academy of Political and Social Science.—"Problems of Municipal Government," by E. L. Godkin; "The Reform of Our State Governments," by G. Bradford; "Relation of Labor Organizations to Trade Instruction," by E. W. Bemis; "The Future Problem of the Unemployed," by J. G. Brooks.

D. Appleton & Co.—"The Dawn of Civilization," by G. Maspero; "The Warfare of Science," by Andrew D. White; "Discourses," by Huxley; Vol. IV. of McMaster's "United States" and Vol. II. of Maclay's "Navy;" "Round the Red Lamp," by Conan Doyle; "The Lilac Sunbonnet," by S. R. Crockett; "The God in the Car," by Anthony Hope; "The Good Ship Mohock," by Clark Russell; "Vernon's Aunt," by Mrs. Cotes; "The Trail of the Sword," by Gilbert Parker; and "The Farmer's Boy," by Clifton Johnson.

The Century Company.—"Five Books of Song," by R. W. Gilder; "Edwin Booth," by Mrs. Grossmann; "The Reign of Queen Anne," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Across Asia on a Bicycle," by Allen and Sachtleben; and "When All the Woods are Green," by Dr. Weir Mitchell.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.—"The Christian State," by Professor Herron; "Famous Leaders," by Sarah K. Bolton; "A Terrible Inheritance," by Grant Allen; and "Gone," by Katharine S. MacQuoid.

Dodd, Mead & Co.—"My Study Fire: Second Series," by H. W. Mabie; "Corrected Impressions," by George Saintsbury; "A London Rose," by Ernest Rhys; "Gypsy Brenton," by E. S. Phelps; "A House in Bloomsbury," by Mrs. Oliphant; and "Domestic Manners of the Americans," by Mrs. Trollope.

Ginn & Co.—"Old English Ballads," edited by Professor Gummere; "Elizabethan Lyrics," edited by F. E. Schelling; "Herrick," edited by E. E. Hale, Jr.; "Odes and Epodes of Horace," edited by Professor Clement Smith; and "Mediæval Europe," by Ephraim Emerton.

Harper & Brothers.—"Wealth Against Commonwealth," by H. D. Lloyd; "Literary and Social Essays," by G. W. Curtis, edited by C. E. Norton; "Unwritten Memoirs," by Anne Thackeray Ritchie; "The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser," by Poultney Bigelow; "In Old New York," by T. A. Janvier; "Highland Cousins," by William Black; "The Golden House," by C. D. Warner; and "A Little English Gallery," by Louise Imogen Guiney.

Henry Holt & Co.—"Introduction to Philosophy," by Friedrich Paulsen; "Origines de la France Contemporaine: Selections," by H. Taine; and "Lectures on Shakspere," by Bernhard ten Brink.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—"The Dawn of Italian Independence," by W. R. Thayer; "The Reconstruction of Europe," by Harold Murdock; "George William Curtis," by Edward Cary; "A Victorian Anthology," edited by E. C. Stedman; "Thoreau's Letters," edited by F. B. Sanborn; "Unguarded Gates," by T. B. Aldrich; "Religion's Progress," by A. V. G. Allen; "The Sermon on the Mount Practiced on the Plain," by Dr. Wright; "Riverby," by John Burroughs; "Philip and his Wife," by Margaret Deland; "The House of Martha," by F. R. Stockton; "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn; "In the Dozy Hours," by Agnes Repplier.

J. B. Lippincott Company.—"Under Fire," by Captain Charles King; "Poppæa," by Julien Gordon; "In Market Overt," by James Payn; "Madonna," by H. S. Morris; and "The Marquis de La Fayette," by C. Tower, Jr.

Longmans, Green & Co.—"Problems of the Far East," by G. N. Curzon; "The Hulsean Lectures," by Dr. Creighton; "Spiritual Law in the Natural World," by J. W. Thomas; and "Clerical Life," by Canon Liddon.

Macmillan & Co.—"Experimental Psychology," by J. McK. Cattell; "Mental Development," by J. M. Baldwin; "From the Greeks to Darwin," by H. F. Osborn; "Universities of Germany," by F. Paulsen; "Construction," by Viollet-le-Duc; "History, Prophecy, and Monuments," by J. F. McCurdy; "History of the English Language," by O. F. Emerson; "Raphael's Madonnas," by Karl Károly; "A Corner of Cathay," by Adèle Fielde; "Essays," by Goldwin Smith; "Life in Ancient Egypt," by Adolf Erman; "Syriac Literature," by William Wright; a new edition of Browning; "Matthew Arnold's Letters," edited by G. W. E. Russell; "Western Europe in the Fifth and Eighth Centuries," by E. A. Freeman; "The Meaning of History," by Frederic Harrison; Wundt's "Psychology," translated by J. E. Creighton; "The Use of Life," by Sir John Lubbock; "Modern Book Illustration," by Joseph Pennell; "Tales of the Punjab," by Mrs. Steel; "The End of Elfin Land," by Jane Barlow; "The Life of Christ as Represented in Art," by F. W. Farrar; and "Introduction to the Book of Isaiah," by Professor Cheyne.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The "Ariel Shakspere;" new editions of De Amicis's "Holland" and "Spain;" "The Story of the Civil War," by J. C. Ropes; Vol. III. of "Social England;" Vol. II. of "Thomas Paine;" Vols. IV. and V. of "Thomas Jefferson;" Vol. II. of "Rufus King;" four new volumes in the "Heroes of the Nations" series—two new volumes in the "Story of the Nations" series; and "Tintoretto," by F. P. Stearns.

Fleming H. Revell Company.—"Chinese Characteristics," by A. H. Smith; "The Meeting-place of Geology and History," by Sir William Dawson; "Among the Tibetans," by Isabella Bird Bishop; "Before He is Twenty," by R. J. Burdette, F. H. Burnett, E. W. Bok, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Mrs. Lyman Abbott; "How to Study the English Bible," by Canon Girdlestone; "Essential Christianity," by Hugh Price Hughes; and "A Primer of Assyriology," by A. H. Sayce.

Roberts Brothers.—A new edition of Molière; "A Saint," by Paul Bourget; "A Monk of the Aventine," by Ernst Eckstein; and "The Minor Tactics of Chess," by F. K. Young and E. C. Howell.

Charles Scribner's Sons.—"The Sherman Letters;" "A Shelf of Old Books," by Mrs. Fields; "The Art of the American Wood-Engraver," by P. G. Hamerton; "History of the United States," by President Andrews; "Erasmus," by J. A. Froude; "Shakspere," by Barrett Wendell; "Musicians and Music-Lovers," by W. F. Apthorp; "Sea and Land," by Professor Shaler; "Herbart," by Charles De Garmo; "The Messiah of the New Testament," by Professor Briggs; "The Religions of Japan," by W. E. Griffis; "The Johannine Theology," by Dr. Stevens; "Paul's Conception of Christianity," by Dr. Bruce; "A Primer of Psychology," by Professor Ladd; "Czar and Sultan," by Archibald Forbes; and "Things Will Take a Turn," by Miss Harraden.

Stone & Kimball.—The first complete edition of Poe; Maeterlinck's "Plays," translated by Richard Hovey; "Vistas," by William Sharp; "In Russet and Silver," by Edmund Gosse; and "A June Romance," by Norman Gale.

Thomas Whittaker.—"Character Studies," by Frederick Saunders; "Eastern Customs in Bible Lands," by Canon Tristram; "Early Christianity in Britain," by F. W. Farrar; and "The Heresy of Cain," by Dean Hodges.

[For list of Books Received see pa

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Correspondence

"What Would You Have Done?" [1]

I.—HE WOULD ACCEPT THE TENANT

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your last issue the case was presented of a man, in somewhat embarrassed condition financially, who had property to rent, but which had for some time been without tenants, and to whom a pecuniarily advantageous offer had been made to let it to people of color. The man, it appears, is one who has had very decided views on the caste question at the South, but who, on being confronted with it at home in a way that is likely to affect his property interests, is profoundly embarrassed as to what he should do. The writer of the article asks the opinion of the readers of The Outlook as to what they would do if they were in this man's place.

For one, I have no hesitation in saying at once, I should accept the offer of the colored applicant. According to the hypothesis, the proprietor of the property had previously considered the question when he was in an entirely disinterested relation to it, and come to the unbiased conclusion that discrimination in such cases is wrong. This, then, is a purely moral principle, which cannot be changed by any personal interest. To abandon it because it may affect unfavorably his income is at least not honorable, not Christian. I admit that the situation is a somewhat trying one, but virtue usually costs something. G. M. S.

Auburndale, Mass.

II.—WHAT WOULD CHRIST HAVE DONE?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"What do I hope that your friend did?" I hope that he let The Garrison to those colored men, and proved to Dr. L—— that at least a few Christians at the North can follow closely in the Master's footsteps. And I hope that some stalwart friends of himself, and of right and justice, rallied around him, and offered to help improve that splendid opportunity to do a magnificent work. How far-reaching it might be in its good results! Is not that one of the grand opportunities that come only once in a lifetime?

I hope it will prove that your friend "builded better than he knew" in naming that tenement "The Garrison,"—that it is to prove indeed a "stronghold" of Right and Justice. H. S. H.

III.—"A RIGHT TO A DECENT PLACE"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I would have let The Garrison to the colored man. If the community around objected to my getting a tenant for my property after its being so long unoccupied, I should at least expect them to pay my taxes. Why not let the colored man raise himself in the social world? Why keep him in rear and side streets? He is a native, and has a right to a decent place to live in if he wants it. The country is overrun with undesirable foreigners; good dwellings are provided for them. It would be a beginning of the universal brotherhood that is now talked of so much but not practiced. W. C.

IV.—"BUSINESS" OR CHRISTIANITY?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As a "shrewd and up-to-date" business man, I would not rent the "Garrison" to the applicant.

As a true kind of Christian business man, I would do just as Christ undoubtedly would—accept the mulatto's proposition.

The incident brings up the rather unwelcomed fact—that of the insincerity and peculiar inconsistency of the average Christian man. For what he terms his religion he has one set of standards of conduct; for his business he has another.

How easy of solution many apparently difficult problems of life and conduct are when we apply the question, "What would Christ do?"

And what a better world this would be if this question was more often asked by His followers, one and all! J. J. K.

V.—A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S VIEW

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As a Southerner, to whom the negro question has ever been a question indeed, The Outlook of September 29 was peculiarly interesting by reason of an article called "What Would You Have Done?" Ego is a word to be strenuously avoided, and yet in this instance it seems impossible to give testimony and escape a little personal history.

Coming, as I have, of a slave-holding family, to whom the Emancipation Act meant only a monetary alteration of relations with their negroes, and seeing those who had been slaves still living as freedmen with their old masters, devoted to their interests, adoring their children, receiving in return affection, care, and respect in old age, built a kind of Chinese wall about a youthful mind, shutting out knowledge of the horrors of slavery in unworthy hands. Nor was it any discovered case of slave-holding cruelty that finally developed a strict abolitionist from these conditions. Growing convictions on the question of personal liberty were alone responsible for my early change of inherited belief. From that change until to-day the question of how to deal with the Afro-Americans, and how to aid in altering their sad condition, has been a subject of profoundest interest to me. Had there arisen in their own midst a Moses, an Aaron, or even a Miriam, the case might be simpler. But a liberated people not self-liberated, thrown on the world without a leader, and depending for guidance solely on missionary effort from aliens, becomes a problem indeed.

My knowledge of the negroes is based on intimate acquaintance with them in their own households, on long talks with them by their own kitchen fires, in their own pitiful attempts at drawing-rooms, by their own beds of sickness and of death; and seeing them thus in their undisputed domain, I have learned more of at least the individual side of the question than it would have been possible to learn in any other way.

Seeing what I have seen, hearing what I have heard, my conviction is that the greatest enemy of the development of the negro race is contact with the white race, whether the latter approaches the former, as previously, to enslave, or, as now, in hope of uplifting.

Why should an article asking "What Would You Have Done?" be written because a colony of negroes have threatened to invade a respectable street? Why should it be a foregone conclusion that the adjacent property would immediately depreciate, and that the present incumbents of the street would shake the dust from their feet? The answer lies deeper than the surface fact that negroes herding together are too prone to return to a low type, while individual negroes scattered among a respectable white population will be buoyed up to a more careful mode of living. The answer strikes out from the deep springs of being, of race preservation, of race instinct. It speaks directly, if unconsciously, from instinctive terror of miscegenation—that curse to both whites and negroes. Nor is this race-fear one born of sentiment or prejudice. It is lodged in the very marrow of the bones and quality of the flesh. Man may be taught to save his soul alive, but it is by instinct that he fights desperately for the delivery of his body individually and as a race. None but those who have faithfully worked and nursed among the mulattos know all the ills their poor flesh is heir to. They are the fruits of error, of a breaking of the natural law, and the sin is fearfully visited upon their innocence.

Not the least part of the curse lies in the fact that the race mixture seems to produce in general a mind as peculiarly healthful and vivid as the body is frail and undeveloped.

The physical product of miscegenation is bad, therefore the flesh, prompted by that same wonderful power that teaches the dumb beast to avoid the poison root, wars against it.

"Mulattos!" cries the full-blooded negro in the pride of his unbleached skin. "They are *mules*—neither good horse nor good jackass."

The abolitionist who says to the negro, "Come, learn from us by being of us; assimilate with us in all respects save one," is as cruel as unwise. Are negroes not men with like passions as ourselves? It is sometimes kind to be cruel. If a race line is to be drawn at an inside point, let it be drawn sharply outside.

There are some to whom the idea of miscegenation is not repellent. I believe them fundamentally mistaken. There are many to whom the idea of miscegenation is so out of the question as to be beyond discussion. These would vote instantly against a negro invasion of their block, giving a dozen reasons seemingly final; but all are unconsciously, perhaps remotely, rooted in the fixed race-principle that the white race shall remain white—the black, black—and that the division thus drawn shall be straitly guarded all along the line.

It is to the negro alone that we may look for a solution of his own problem. When negroes begin to band together, and, herding, develop leaders of the herd with self-progress and good self-government, the promise will be great and full of encouragement.

Dependence on a strictly limited toleration is as demoralizing and weakening to a race as to an individual. It is this which renders contact with the white race harmful to the Afro-American, and it is this which provokes such queries as "What would you have done?" G.

VI.—NOT THE RIGHT TIME YET

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I believe that renting The Garrison to negroes would injure the negro cause. The time is not yet ripe. The negro is emerging from darkness, and in a few years he will have that which he will only delay by trying to seize, even if willing to pay for it dearly. The negro in the public mind, as yet, is low, ignorant, and unwashed. That sort of white people would just as surely injure The Garrison neighborhood. Let some philanthropist build a Garrison in a negro quarter. Land would there be cheap; building is now cheap. Then watch, and you will see the negro wonderfully improve to meet his improved surroundings. Such an investment would be sure to pay, though probably a low return.

F. A. R.

[1] See article under this title in The Outlook for September 29; see also editorial comment in this issue.

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The Unitarian Women at Saratoga

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you allow me to make a slight amendment to Dr. Hale's account of the doings of our National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga? Of one important meeting he made no mention whatsoever; which is not strange, he was so much engrossed, with many others, at the time of this meeting, in one preliminary to the revision of the Constitution on the following day. The meeting he passed over was that of Tuesday afternoon which was organized by the Women's National Alliance. Heretofore the Alliance meetings have been side-shows of the Conference; this one was a regular meeting, and not one of the least important. The speakers were all women. First, there was an admirable report from the Women's Conference of the Pacific Coast. Then one, more informal, marked by her characteristic eloquence, by the Rev. Ida C. Hultin, President of the Women's Western Conference. Next, Mrs. J. T. Sunderland read a paper on "The Religious Field," which was thought by many persons to reach the high-water mark of the Conference on its intellectual side. The Rev. Marion Murdock, who has studied at Manchester College, Oxford, spoke of Moral Enthusiasm with evident personal possession of the thing of which she spoke. Miss Ovington, of Brooklyn, spoke of "The Young Women of the Church" with singular beauty and impressiveness. An interesting episode was the unheralded appearance of Miss Susan B. Anthony upon the scene. She spoke briefly and earnestly for the good cause of which she has long been a champion. She was followed by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who, at the close of her noble address, recited her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" in a manner which no one who heard her is likely ever to forget.

I make this correction the more earnestly because the work of our Women's National Alliance has been one of the most interesting and important features of our later Unitarian development. It quadrupled the social fusion of the Saratoga meeting, doing there what it does everywhere in our local conferences and churches. At the next meeting of our Conference I sincerely trust that there will be "neither male nor female" in the programme, but a

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fair sprinkling of women all the way along from the first meeting to the last.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

A Protest

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In most respects the Chinese have an unenlightened civilization, but in one at least they might teach a lesson to our American coast cities, should the others be so bunglingly "protected" in the matter of garbage as is the metropolis. Certain cities in England have already taken a lesson from the Flowery Kingdom in burning garbage, which these now gather in immense carts drawn through the streets by traction engines.

During the past eight days the entire region on both sides of Central Park, in New York City, has remained untouched by garbage-removers, and with these last warm days the stench has been horrible. Through this district run many densely crowded streets, and in this pleasant weather little children could not be housed, but have been out in their only playground—the street—sniffing the malodorous air and getting fever. When we have a real plague perhaps our Board of Health may consider, not only some other way of disposing of garbage than those healthful (?) ones of dumping-places on land or sea, involving inevitable disease, but also the providing of penalties so severe as to compel immediate removal of garbage by the contractors, no matter what the storm or strike.

ONE OF THE AFFLICTED.

Four-and-a-half-cents-a-day Labor

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I don't see why The Outlook should object to the inference drawn by the New York "Press"—an ardent advocate of high protection—that The Outlook accepts as one of the coming results of free trade that American manufacturers will have to compete with the four-and-a-half-cents-a-day labor of Asia. The Outlook, without any reasoning, flippantly remarks: "The Outlook accepts nothing of the kind; it does not believe that four-and-a-half-cents-a-day labor can compete with two-dollar-a-day labor. If it can, then the fruits of civilization are not what they are cracked up to be."

The remarks of the "Press"—which I have not seen—were doubtless caused by a paragraph on page 404 of The Outlook on cotton-spinning in Japan. It was there stated that a mill to operate 40,000 spindles was about to be erected; that coal was two dollars a ton, and wages to girl workers are four and a half cents a day. "Fall River and Manchester had better look to their laurels. With these conditions of cheapness as to fuel and labor, and with a people whose alertness, intelligence, and enterprise singularly fit them for factory work, the cotton-spinning industry will speedily supply all Japan, and may then advance to a commanding position in the world market."

Is it unreasonable to suppose that American labor may at no very distant day have a desperate struggle to hold its own against a people who have, according to The Outlook, so many qualities adapting them for factory work? Twelve years ago there was only one mill in Japan. The latest statistics from that country tell of no less than thirty-eight now in operation, with over 385,000 spindles, and representing a capital of over $10,000,000.

It is not necessary to go far for an illustration of the effect of cheap labor.

British capital has gone to India; cotton and jute mills have been established, under the supervision of skilled British operatives, employing native help at about ten cents a day; the result has been that they are supplying the Chinese and Japanese markets to the exclusion of the British manufacturer. How long will the Indo-British be able to compete with the Japanese when labor is so much cheaper than it is even in India, and the people better adapted to factory work?

I would like to see the immoral side of free trade discussed. You have been pleased to treat editorially "the moral side of protection."

While Dundee, Scotland, jute-factories have been running five days a week and losing money, the Indo-British factories have been paying good dividends and running full time, which in many cases means six and a half and seven days a week. Should the Indo-British manufacturer, under such conditions, be allowed to send his goods into the American market subject only to a tariff for revenue? The protectionist says no; the free-trader says, Buy in the cheapest market. What says the Christian, the philanthropist, or The Outlook?

G. A.

As Western civilization spreads in India and Japan, these countries will doubtless manufacture more and more. Simultaneously, however, the wages paid to their workmen will rise, and not until their industrial civilization is such that their workmen are able to earn European wages can they hope to compete in the European markets. It is a principle of universal application that the countries where wages are lowest are the countries which most largely import manufactures and export raw materials. The want of skill on the part of their working people tells most heavily against them in manufacturing industries. In manufacturing, the comparatively well-paid labor of Europe can as easily undersell the ill-paid labor of the Orient as the well-paid labor of the United States the ill-paid labor of Spanish America. The reason why our manufacturers welcomed the policy of reciprocity with Spanish America was because they knew that in manufactures we could undersell the Spanish-Americans in their own market, despite the fact that wages here are three times as great as wages there. The very same principles govern the competition of the Orient with the manufacturing nations of Western Europe. Until the industrial civilization of the Orient equals that of Western Europe the Orient will continue to furnish a market for Western manufacturing nations.—THE EDITORS.

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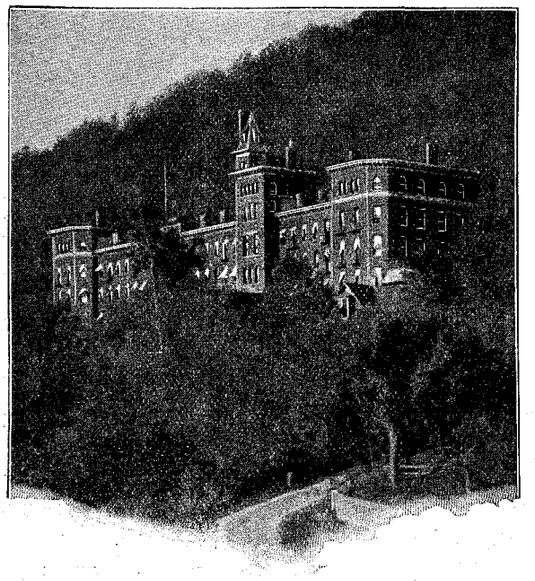

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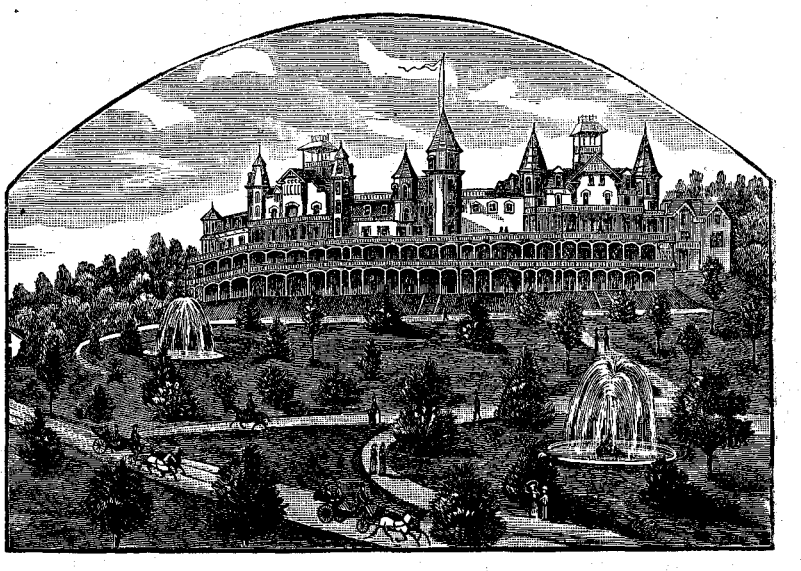

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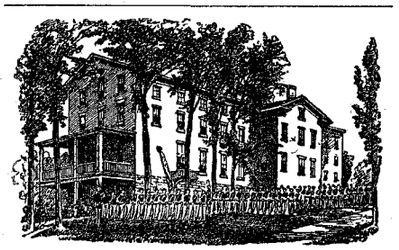

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The Business World

Commercial and Financial Conditions

The low prices for wheat and cotton continue to be a depressing element in the commercial world. Yet the foreign demand for our wheat last week was three million bushels better than in the preceding week. The market, however, was spiritless, and on Tuesday occurred the lowest price ever recorded in New York for the December option. Four hundred million bushels a year ago would have brought as much as five hundred million do at the present price, while in cotton there is even a greater proportion, four bales now being worth only what three were last year. The stock market has again been largely taken up with the vibrations in "Sugar" and "Whisky." These strangely fascinating properties continue to demoralize the entire market, and so long as this lasts, and people are content to speculate in concerns which publish no proper returns, just so long may we expect to witness such a condition of affairs as at present characterizes the New York Stock Exchange. When will these uncommunicative "Industrials" have had their day? The market in railway securities has been emphatically a waiting one. It is announced that all but three per cent. of the common stockholders and all but two per cent. of the preferred stockholders of the New York and New England have paid their assessments—a gratifyingly large proportion. To the reorganization of this road, of the Richmond Terminal, the Erie, and the Reading, there has now been added that proposed by the Government directors of the Union Pacific. Financial transactions of the past week were, of course, much augmented by the quarterly dividend payments on many securities. Clearing-House payments for the week were actually nearly twelve per cent. ahead of the same time a year ago, while September payments were only about six per cent. in advance of those for the corresponding month last year. The New York City bank statement reflects the welcome expansion in loans of $2,700,000. Deposits increased nearly three millions, and cash resources declined over half a million. This latter item represents the currency outflow, and many think that the interior demand is about over. The surplus exceeding legal requirements is now slightly under fifty-nine and a half millions. Foreign exchange has reflected the disquieting rumors as to the Czar's health, the Madagascar difficulty, and the Chino-Japanese war. The reverses of the Chinese have also helped to depress the market for silver, as the hope for a great Chinese demand for that metal grows less. While purchases from Far Cathay have been very limited, India has ceased buying silver altogether. Money is cheap there and trade poor.

Precious Stones in the United States

Mr. Kunz, the well-known expert of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., says that whereas in 1889 gem-mining was prosecuted in but two States, last year tourmalines were mined in Maine, emeralds in North Carolina, turquoises in New Mexico, sapphires in Montana, and opals in Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. The Indians used to have turquoise mines, and in those which have been lately reopened gems have been found which vie with the Persian product. Stones have been found weighing as much as sixty carats each, one of which was sold for $4,000. Garnets are also found through nearly the same region as the turquoise. Most garnets are ready mined, being dug out around the ant-hills. In some respects they are superior to the South American stones. Of even greater importance are the opal-beds in Oregon, where twenty thousand dollars' worth of the gems are reported to have been obtained in a single year.

Japanese Enterprise

Tokio is the largest city in Japan, and Osaka comes next. The imports coming into this latter place and to Hiogo now exceed those of Yokohama, though the great export mart will always probably be Yokohama. In 1883 Osaka and Hiogo controlled 22 per cent. of Japan's total trade, to 42 per cent. last year. In the entire country there are nearly two thousand miles of railways. The total capital of Japanese railway companies is close on seventy-five million dollars, while that of the 130 national banks is over forty-eight millions, and that of the thousand joint-stock companies over one hundred millions.

FINANCIAL

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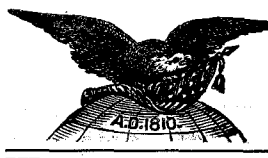

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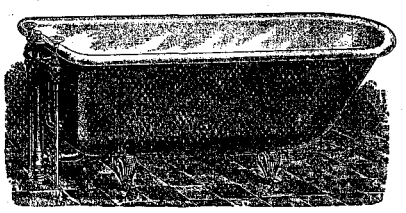

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Bits of Fun

The frog will shortly set an example to other croakers by burying himself for the season.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Boreton—Just take this along, will you, old man, and look it over at your leisure? Busy Editor—Leisure? What's that?—*Somerville Journal.*

"Did you make a hit with that red tennis blazer of yours down on the farm?" "Did I? It struck the bull's eye the first time I wore it."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men." "Ah!" replied the maiden, with a soulful longing; "save a good one for me, won't you?"—*Life.*

"Parker uses a great deal of cologne, it seems to me. Awful bad form!" said Hawkins. "It would be in you," said Hicks, "but it's family pride with Hawkins. He comes of old colognial stock."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"How much does that waste-basket of yours hold, anyhow?" asked a man who had been handing a lot of contributions to the managing editor. "Nothing worth talking about," said the man with the blue pencil.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Stranger—Would you kindly show me the way to the cathedral? Intelligent Native—That is not difficult to find. You just walk down that street yonder, and at the farther end you will see a small provision shop on your left. The cathedral is exactly opposite.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Oculist (after examination of the eye)—Yes, it is, as I supposed, a case of choroiditis exsudativa, accompanied by partial micropsia, metamorphopsia and chromatopsic scotomata, of singularly regular forms. Young Lady—There! And ma said it was only a sty coming.—*B. K. & Co.'s Monthly.*

The Lady of the House—Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss? Browning, the tramp—Madame, not to evade your question at all, but merely to obtain information, may I ask of what practical utility moss is to a man in my condition?—*Tit-Bits.*

Japanese Politeness.—Washington Lady—The feet of the ladies of your country are compressed, I believe. Japanese Attaché—Oh, no, madam; that is a Chinese custom. We in Japan allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size (politely)—not that they can ever hope to rival yours, madam.—*Truth.*

"I have sent for you," said the man of the house, "because these pipes need looking after. There's a leak somewhere, and a big lot of gas is going to waste." "M—no," replied the gas company's employee, meditatively. "Mebby there's a leak, but there ain't any gas goin' to waste. You'll find it all in the bill."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Lord Cockburn, after a long stroll, sat down on a hillside beside a shepherd, and observed that the sheep selected the coldest situation for lying down. "Mac," said he, "I think, if I were a sheep, I should certainly have preferred the other side of that hill." The shepherd answered: "Ay, my lord; but, if you had been a sheep, ye would have had mair sense." And Lord Cockburn was never tired of relating the story and turning the laugh on himself.—*Tit-Bits.*

He was the son of a worthy Manchester citizen and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars and various other insignia of a dukedom. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out, "Young man, you look like an idiot." Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in. "Why, hello, Billy, have you returned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father!" "So he has been telling me," replied Billy. And from that day to this the old gentleman has had no fault to find with his son.—*Tit-Bits.*

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September Necrology

September 1.—Major-General Nathaniel Prentiss Banks. Born 1816. The "Waltham Bobbin-Boy." Member of Congress, 1853–57. Governor of Massachusetts, 1857–60. Served with distinction during the Civil War. Member of Congress, 1865–77. See page 374.

September 1.—Samuel J. Kirkwood. Born 1813. Iowa's War Governor, United States Senator, 1866–67; again Governor, 1875–77; again United States Senator, 1877–1881. Secretary of the Interior in President Garfield's Cabinet.

September 1.—Lieutenant William Henn, R.N. Owner of the cutter Galatea, which sailed against the Mayflower in 1886, and the most popular of yachtsmen.

September 3.—John Veitch. Born 1829. Professor of Logic and Rhetoric at the University of Glasgow, and the author of Commentaries on Descartes and Hamilton.

September 3.—Josiah Parsons Cooke. Long Professor of Chemistry at Harvard University, and a prominent citizen of Cambridge.

September 3.—The Rev. Dr. Charles S. Pomeroy. Born 1834. For twenty-one years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Cleveland, and a remarkable preacher. See page 517.

September 3.—The Rev. Edmund Alexander Fitch. Born 1860. A successful worker at Rabai, Africa, for the English Church Missionary Society.

September 4.—The Rev. Dr. James Clark Welling. Born 1825. President of Columbian University. See page 436.

September 5.—Major-General George Stoneman. Born 1822. As a cavalry commander held in high esteem. Governor of California, 1883–87.

September 5.—Augusta Webster. Born 1840. A well-known English poet.

September 6.—Admiral Sir Edward Augustus Inglefield. Born 1819. Well known as a naval inventor. His anchor and hydraulic steering apparatus still in use in the British navy. Commanded three Arctic expeditions.

September 6.—Count Yanagawara Sakimitsu. The negotiator of the treaty with China at the time of the Mikado's restoration. Later Minister to Russia.

September 8.—Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz. Born 1821. Successively Professor of Physiology at Königsberg, Heidelberg, and Berlin, his specialties being the physiological conditions of impressions of the senses and the general application of mathematics to physics. One of the greatest scientists that ever lived. See page 454.

September 8.—Louis Philippe Albert d'Orléans, Comte de Paris. Born 1838. Son of the late Duke of Orleans, and grandson of King Louis Philippe. The "legitimate pretender" to the French throne, and the head of the whole House of Bourbon. See page 377.

September 10.—Heinrich Karl Brugsch Pasha. Born 1827. The most celebrated of German Egyptologists. Professor in the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin, and successor of Mariette as head of the Bulak Museum at Cairo. The author of many authoritative works.

September 10.—Baron Emil Erlanger, head of the famous banking house of that name, and the promoter of many American railways in the Southern States.

September 10.—Adolf Exner. Born 1841. Professor of Roman Law at the University of Vienna, and member of the Herrenhaus.

September 11.—George Watson Milles. First Earl of Sondes.

September 11.—Don Pio Pico. Born 1800. Last Mexican Governor of California.

September 11.—Christian Erdmann Lembcke. Born 1850. Professor of Medicine at the University of Rostock.

September 12.—Freeman Snow. Instructor in International Law at Harvard University.

September 18.—Rafael Nuñez. Born 1833. President of the United States of Colombia, and the most remarkable statesman of that Republic.

September 20.—Giovanni Battista Rossi. Born 1822. The most eminent of all Italian archæologists, and the author of invaluable works. Prefect of the Vatican Museum.

September 20.—Amy Fursch-Madi. Born 1847. A Belgian by birth. One of the finest exemplars of dramatic singing.

September 26.—Launt Thompson. Born 1833. A widely known American sculptor, excelling especially in portrait-busts.

September 26.—John Whipple Potter Jenks. Born 1809. Professor emeritus of agricultural zoölogy and curator of the zoölogical and anthropological museum of Brown University.

The American Missionary Association

The Forty-eighth Annual Meeting of the American Missionary Association will be held in the First Congregational Church, Lowell, Mass., October 23-25, beginning at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, at which time the General Survey and Treasurer's Report will be presented. In the evening, Rev. Charles H. Richards, D.D., of Philadelphia, Pa., will preach the sermon.

Hospitalities will be extended to all officials of the A. M. A., to all speakers at the meeting, all pastors and missionaries present, all duly accredited delegates and life members of the Association who will send their names in advance of the meeting to Rev. Geo. H. Johnson, 255 Branch St., Lowell, Mass. The Merrimac House and the American House, in Lowell, will receive guests of the A. M. A. at $1.75 per day.

The arrangements for reduced railroad rates are that round-trip tickets will be sold, good *going* the 20th to the 25th and good *returning* until the 31st, inclusive, at the following rates: Two cents per mile from points within 25 miles from Lowell, with a minimum rate of twenty-five cents; one dollar from points from 25 to 33 miles from Lowell, and one and one-half cents per mile from points more than 33 miles from Lowell; from territory of principal connecting trunk lines, *fare and a third, certificate plan*, certificates to be indorsed by Dea. James G. Buttrick, Lowell, Mass.

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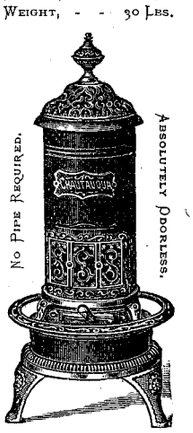

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Church News

—The American Board meeting is going on at Madison, Wis., this week—October 10–13.

—The Christian Endeavor Convention of 1895 will, it is now definitely decided, be held in Boston.

—That eloquent preacher and admirable organizer, Canon Lloyd, of Newcastle, has been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Norwich, under the revived title of Bishop of Thetford.

—It is said that Archbishop Vilatte, the head of the newly formed Polish Catholic Church, is only forty years old, and that for a time he was a clergyman in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

—The annual meeting of the American Missionary Association will be held in the First Congregational Church of Lowell, Mass., October 23–25. The Rev. C. H. Richards will preach the opening sermon.

—In appreciation of the work of the late Rev. E. A. Lawrence, D.D., the members of the First Congregational Church of Baltimore have placed a memorial tablet upon one of the walls of the church. Another memorial, called "The Lawrence Memorial Association," is for the promotion of the work among the tenements which he started.

—"The most unique Sunday-school in the world is on the line of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railroad," said L. A. Warner. "President Thomas is an ardent Sunday-school man, and inaugurated a system among the telegraph operators along the line. One of the lightning manipulators at Nashville acts as teacher, and uses the regular lesson leaf. The class is composed of the operators between Nashville and Chattanooga, and the lesson is conducted as though all were present, except that the questions and answers are sent by telegraph. The comments of the teacher are sent down the line, and the class is dismissed, going back to their work, the same as on any other day."

—The Convention of Christian Workers, under the International Christian Workers' Association, which has been held annually for the last eight or ten years in various cities of the United States, is to be changed for the present into district conventions through which it is expected to give to various cities throughout the country the large instruction and inspiration which usually attend one of these annual conventions. The first district convention will be held, October 25–31, in the Central Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y. Another convention similar in character to that of Rochester will be held in November in Syracuse, and other conventions will be held during the year in Southern and Eastern States. Programme and further information may be obtained from the Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

—The Kings' Household of Bible Readers is a week-day Bible-school for the people. It was started in October, 1885, in the city of Philadelphia, by the Rev. Edwin H. Bronson, who desired to help all people to a better understanding, a more practical knowledge, and a greater love for the Word of God. Many thousands of members of all ages and religious denominations have been enrolled, and many testimonials as to the help received are given unsought. By this course the entire Bible is read in four years. The author of the Kings' Household, thankful for whatever is gained by the fragmentary study of Bible texts and disconnected passages, yet felt that greater results might be secured by regarding the Bible in its entirety and studying its particulars in the light of the whole. One who faithfully pursues this course will be able to compare Scripture with Scripture, will see the relation of part to part in the perfect whole, and will better understand special passages because possessed of the light that comes of a knowledge of the whole. The work is carried on by means of a quarterly slip-book containing calendar of daily reading and blanks for noteing. The only necessary expense is fifty cents yearly, and when one is unable to pay, it is remitted. For fuller information address E. H. Bronson, Salem, N. J.

Brooklyn Ethical Association

"Individualism and Socialism" will form the general subject of the lectures before the Brooklyn Ethical Association this year. The topics are timely and admittance is free, and the course will doubtless prove popular. Discussion will follow each lecture. The meetings are held on Sunday evenings, at the Second Unitarian Church, corner Clinton and Congress Streets. The lectures are as follows

October 14, 1894.—Socialism in America. By Professor Franklin H. Giddings, Ph.D., of the Columbia College School of Political Science.

October 28.—The Individual vs. Society. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, Ph.D.

November 11.—Financial Socialism. By Mr. Horace White, editor of the "Evening Post."

November 25.—Municipal Socialism. By Dr. Lewis G. Janes, President of the Association.

December 9.—Combinations of Capital: Corporations and Trusts. By Professor George Gunton, President of the School of Social Economics.

December 23.—Combinations of Labor: Trade-Unions. By Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

January 13, 1895.—Association in Social Progress. By Dr. Martin L. Holbrook.

January 27.—Land Nationalization: The Single Tax. By Mr. Bolton Hall, Secretary of the Tax Reform Association.

February 10.—Nationalism and Populism. By Mr. Walter S. Logan.

February 24.—Communism and the Labor Problem. By Mr. J. W. Sullivan, editor "Direct Legislation Record."

March 10.—Sumptuary Legislation. By Mr. John A. Taylor.

March 24.—Utopias. By Mr. Henry Hoyt Moore.

March 31.—The Ethics of Social Inequality. By the Rev. John White Chadwick.

April 14.—Opportunity. By Robert G. Eccles, M.D.

April 28.—Evolution and Social Progress. By the Rev. John C. Kimball, of Hartford, Conn.

Full programmes, with sub-topics and list of books recommended for reading, may be obtained of the Secretary, John B. Brickelmaier, 639 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—The latest landowner in East Africa is Prince Albert of Prussia, the Prince Regent of the Duchy of Brunswick. In order to encourage German colonial enterprises, he has purchased a vast estate in the Dark Continent.

—William I. was called the "Greise Kaiser" (venerable Emperor), his son Frederick III. the "Weise (wise) Kaiser," but those distinguished sovereigns did not merit their names better than does their grandson and son, the "Reise Kaiser," or the "journeying Emperor." A calculation which has just been made as to where William II. has spent his time since August 15, 1893, shows that he was at or near Berlin 166 days and traveling the other 199, covering, in the latter time, 18,750 miles. The uneasy prince no sooner finishes one journey than he has a succession of others already planned. It is believed that his was a real disappointment at not being able to see America and the Chicago Fair last summer, and incidentally to dazzle us all. So firm was his hope of coming that, in addition to the "Hohenzollern," which would probably have conveyed him hither, the principal German-American steamship line had a standing order to keep a certain reserve in readiness for imperial occupancy. Restlessness and eagerness have always distinguished William II. Some years since, when the news of Dom Pedro's downfall in Brazil was brought to the Kaiser, he exclaimed, "Wie schade! Ich mochte eben dorthin reisen!" (What a pity! I was just counting on journeying thither.)

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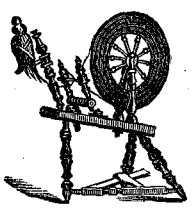

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